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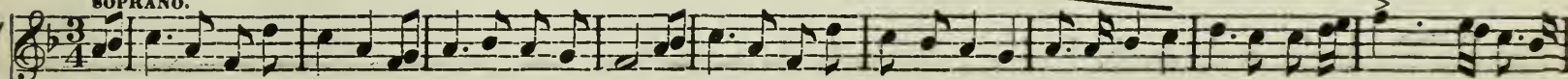
THE MUSICAL LYRA.

COLLEGE GRADUATING SONG.

Words by AUSTIN GEORGE.

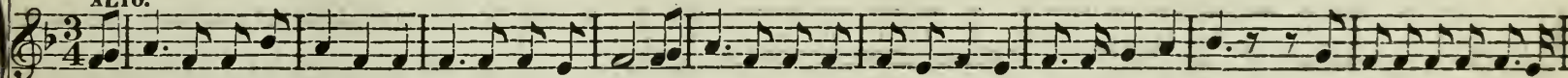
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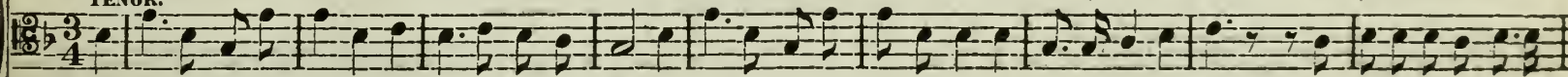
1. A - dieu to Al - ma Ma-ter! A - dieu to clas-sic halls! Be green the sa - cred mem-o - ries That cluster 'round your walls! For grandly, like the pil-lar'd

ALTO.



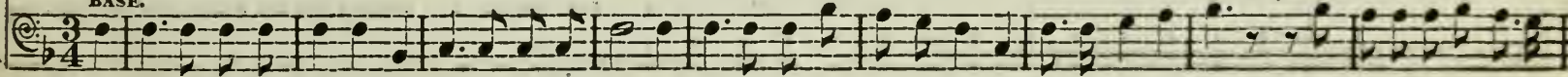
2. Be sad, ah! Al - ma Ma-ter! Some of your no-blest youth Are bat-tling, on the blood-y field, For lib - er - ty and truth; Their country call'd them to her

TENOR.



3. Then hail to Al - ma Ma-ter! Her praise for aye we'll sing; All sea-sons are her budding-time; Her Au-tumn is the Spring. What tho' the fruit be green, Hail

BASE.



☞ A new Clef has been adopted to designate the TENOR part; it does not alter the position of the notes. The object is to assist the Tenor in finding his part.

COLLEGE GRADUATING SONG. Continued

p

fire Of old, we've seen you rise A glow-ing star, whose rays a - far Now beam a-thwart the break-ing skies Of murky ig - no - rance.

flag; They left your peaceful shrine; Oh God! we pray by night and day Shield them with love and pow'r di - vine, And grant them safe re - turn.

p

Ha! That's pluck'd from off her bow'rs, Life's sun and storm, like na-ture's form That grows the oak or opes the flow'r, We trust will ri - pen us.

CHORUS.

May thy spir - it, hov'ring o'er us, Nerve us as we raise the cho-rus,—Ed - u - ca - tion, Ed - u - ca - tion, Light and guardian of our na - tion.

Soon may gen - tle Peace spread o'er us Wings of love; then speed the cho-rus,—Ed - u - ca - tion, &c.

Zeal-ous in the work be - fore us, Loud we'll raise the swell-ing cho-rus,—Ed - u - ca - tion, Ed - u - ca - tion, Light and guardian of our na - tion.

COLLEGE GRADUATING SONG, Concluded.

5

CODA. After the third Verse only.

Be thou yet our firm sal - va - tion,— Ed - u - ca - tion,..... Ed - u - ca - tion,..... Light and guard-ian of our
Ed - u - ca - tion, Ed - u - ca - tion,

Be thou yet our firm sal - va - tion,— Ed - u - ca - tion,..... Ed - u - ca - tion,..... Light and guard-ian of our
Ed - u - ca - tion, Ed - u - ca - tion,

COLLEGE ALUMNI SONG.

C. W. LOUNSBURY.

(Can be Sung to the above Tune by observing the Ties in the Coda.)

1

All hail! our Alma Mater,
All hail her classic halls;
We come once more, with beating hearts,
To throng her honored walls:
And as we meet, with souls aglow,
A happy song we raise,
Whose tones shall tell of thoughts which swell
Our besoms with a gen'rous praise,
For Alma Mater dear.

CHORUS.

Dreams of yore now hov'ring o'er us,
Pointing to the hopes before us,
Scarcely seen 'mid desolation
And this struggle of our nation,
Grant us now thy consolation,
[: Grant us now:] thy consolation.

2

Joy beams in every feature,
And lingers in the light
Of happy eyes, that, mirror-like,
Reflect the heart's delight;
'Till o'er us gently steals a power,
Which will unbidden come;
And tears we shed for brave ones dead,
Or far away from love and home,
Battling for Liberty.

CHORUS.

Dreams of yore now hov'ring o'er us,
Bring once more thy hopes before us
Scarcely seen 'mid desolation
And this struggle of our nation,—
They will grant us consolation.
[: They will grant:] us consolation.

na - tion, Be thou yet our firm sal - va - tion.

FINE.

na - tion, Be thou yet our firm sal - va - tion.

SOUND THE MERRY HORN, Concluded.

[illegible]

horns; Sound the merry, merry, merry, merry horns; The merry horns.

horns, the merry horns, the merry horns, the merry, merry, merry horns. The merry horns.

Sound the merry horns, the merry horns; Oh! Sound the merry, merry, merry, Merry horns.

Sound the merry horns, Sound the merry horns, Sound the merry horns.

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

SEMPRE LEGATO.

1. There's a deep and longing thought, That haunts me still where'er I roam; And sad-ly mingles with my lot, The faded charms of childhood's

2. Far a-way a sun-ny vale, Hedged in by hills of fadeless green, Fanned by the grateful eve-ning gale, Childhood has oft-en revelling

3. Hap-py playmates of that time, Perhaps I'll nev-er see them more, The grave sought some in youth's gay prime, Some wea-ry sought a dis-tant

home. Like some fair vis-ion in a dream, Whose fancied brightness fades away, Yet lingering leaves the glow-ing beam, Of childhood's sweetest memories.

been. There stood the old an-ces-tral home, Of sons and sires in a-ges past; Now lone and tenant-less, its dome Howls with each sudden moaning blast.

shore. Ev'n now the lone re-maining few In some far distant land may roam, Thus have I bid a long a-dieu, To friends and childhood's happy home.

"WILSON'S REQUEST." *

9

LARGO LEGATO.

CATHERINE MITCHELL.

1. O bury me 'neath the for-est trees! Whose tops bend down in the rushing breeze, Where warbling birds and humming bees, Make music all day
2. The blue bird trills his soft-est notes, And tune-ful rob-ins, swell their throats, And rumple up their burnished coats; To pour forth sweetest

3. What tho' the screaming ea-gle soar, The rock-y cliffs and chasms o'er, And angry winds with bellow roar Howl thro' the dark oak
4. They hear me-lo-dious ma-tins sing, And hov-er round with drooping wing: There latest vespers too shall ring, While green boughs o'er me

long; The lark sa-lutes the dawning light, There linnets sing from morn till night; And o-ri-oles with plumage bright, Car-ol their evening song.
lays; Lone Phi-lo-me-la in the grove, In plaintive tones still mourns her love, And there the gentle cooing dove, Joins in a hymn of praise.

woods; Tho' hoot-ing owls dis-turb the night, And croaking ravens speed their flight To some old ruined tower's height, Where rest their callow brood.
wave! Then bu-ry me neath the branching tree, Where wild flowers blossom on the lea, And beau-ti-ful birds so dear to me, Warble a-bove my grave.

[2] * The great American Ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, said: "Bury me under a tree, that birds may sing over me."

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Music by PROF. T. WOOD.

Tenor or Soprano SOLO.

Tenor or Soprano SOLO.

1. The fair - est spot, of all the earth, is home, . . . sweet
2. The dear - est word I ev - er learn'd, is home, . . . sweet

VOCAL ACCOMPANIME.

pp

Alto.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Sweet home, la, la,

1st Tenor, or 1st Treble.
pp
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Sweet home, la, la,

2d Tenor, or 2d Treble.
pp
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Sweet home, la, la,

Basso.
pp

home ; The one of all to which we turn, Where-e'er we roam, . . . A plea-sant home, a hap-py home, There
home ; The sweet-est song I ev - er heard There, Home, sweet home. . . . There may we turn, when cares are o'er, When

la. Sweet home. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Sweet home. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la. Sweet home. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Sweet home. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

is... no place so fair,.... If those we love, who smile for us, But have their dwelling there. A pleasant home,
 day... draws to a close,.... And find a - mong the lov'd ones there A sea - son of re - pose. There may we turn,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. A pleasant home, a

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. There may we turn, when

a hap-py home ; There is no place so fair, If those we love, who smile for us, But have their dwelling there.
 when cares are o'er, When day draws to a close, And find a - mong the lov'd ones there A sea - son of re - pose.

hap - py home ; There is no place so fair, If those we love, who smile for us, But have their dwell - ing there.

cares are o'er, When day draws to a close, And find a - mong the lov'd ones there A sea - son of re - pose.

GENTLE AND LIGHTLY.

1. When the breeze with a whisper Steals soft thro' the grove, A sweet earnest lis-per Of mu-sic and love, When its

2. When the stars like sky-blossoms A-bove seem to blow, And waves with white bosoms, Are swelling be-low, When the

3. When the night clouds are riding, Like ghosts on the gale, The young moon is gliding Sweet, lone-ly, and pale, When the

gen-tle ca-ressing, A-way charms each sigh, And the still dews like blessings, De-scend from the sky; When a

voice of the riv-er Floats mourn-ful-ly past; And the for-est's low murmur, Is borne on the blast, When these

o-cean is sob-bing In cease-less un-rest, And its great heart is throbbing All wild in its breast,

f *Cres.* *can* *de.* *f*

deep spell, is ly - ing, On hill, vale, and lea, My warm heart is
wild tones are swell - ing From earth, air, and sea, My warm heart is
When the strong wind is wrest - ling, With bil - low and tree, My warm heart is

p *Ritard. Ad lib.* *p* *pp*

fly - ing, Sweet spir - it, to thee . . . My warm heart is fly - ing, Sweet spir - it, to thee.
dwell - ing, Sweet spir - it, with thee . . . My warm heart is dwell - ing, Sweet spir - it, with thee.
nest - ling, Sweet spir - it, with thee . . . My warm heart is nest - ling, Sweet spir - it, with thee.

"FLING OUT THE BANNER."

Words by WM. H. BURLEIGH.

Music by J. H. PIXLEY.

1. Fling out the old banner, The Red, White and Blue, and ral - ly a - round it with hearts that are true; For the war - blast of trea - son is
 2. For the land which our fa - thers bequeathed us in trust, For the tombs where all hallowed still slumbers their dust, For the Union they loved, and for

heard in the South, Its loud thunders boom from the battery mouth: And its hordes mad for blood in the spirit of Cain, Pour down from the hillside, swarm
 freedom and law, And the old flag their emblem our swords will we draw; And never 'till treason is crushed 'neath our heel, Shall the rust of the scabbard be

up from the plain; And swear they will trample the flag of our pride, For which Wash - ing - ton fought, For which he - roes have died.
 found on our steel, And nev - er shall peace hush the boom of our guns, Till the land of our fa - thers Is saved for our sons.

CHORUS.

Then fling out the ban-ner a - gain to the gale, Tho' treason de-ride and tho' trai-tors as - sail; The Star stud-ded ban - ner, The

Then fling out the ban-ner a - gain to the gale, Tho' treason de-ride and tho' trai-tors as - sail; The Star stud-ded ban - ner, The

war tat - tered ban - ner; For right with the might in its sheen shall pre - vail.

war tat - tered ban - ner; For right with the might in its sheen shall pre - vail.

3.

Our country has called, and her people have heard,
And their hearts to their inmost centres are stirred;
By twenties, by hundreds, by thousands they come,
From farm and from workshop, from ledger and loom;
From palace and cottage, the Rich and the Poor;
Comes Poet, comes Artist, comes dreamer, comes doer,
No hardship can daunt, and no terror appal,
When the land of her love, on her children doth call.

CHORUS.

4.

Never holier cause summoned heroes to strife
Than that to which now they pledge fortune and life;
Never fealty more true, nor faith more sublime,
Than they give to that cause is recorded in time,
And they swear by the God of their fathers that cost
What it may to sustain it, it ne'er shall be lost;
And never shall peace hush the boom of our guns,
Till the land of our fathers is saved for our sons.

CHORUS.

1. From the vale what mu - sic ring - ing, Fills the bo - - som of the night; On the sense en - tranced fling - ing,
 2. See him swing - ing in his glo - ry, On yon top - most bend-ing limb; Car-rol-ing his am'rous sto - ry,
 3. Why is't thus this syl - van Pe - trarch Pours all night his ser - e-nade? 'Tis for some proud woodland Lau - ra,
 4. Bird of mu - - sic, wit and glad - ness, Trou - ba-dour of sun - ny climes, Dis - en chant - er of all sad - ness.

*

Spells of witch' - - ry and..... de - light; O'er mag - no - - lia, lime and ce - dar, From yon lo - - - cust
 Like some wild cru - sa - - - der's hymn; Now it faints in tones de - li - cious, As the first low
 His sad son - - nets all..... are made; But he chan - - ges now his meas - ure, Gladness bub - - - bling
 Would thine art were in..... my rhyme; O'er the heart that's beat-ing by me, I would weave a

top it swells,..... Like the chant of ser - e - na - der's, Or the chime of sil - ver bells.
 vow of love..... Now it bursts - - in tones ca - pri - cious, All the moon - light vale a - bove.
 from his mouth,..... Jest and jibe and mim - ic pleas - ure, Winged Anaere - on of the South.
 spell di - vine ; Is there aught she could de - ny me, Drink-ing in such strains as thine ?

CHORUS.

Tril la, la, la, la, la, le, la, la, la, la, la, le, la, Tril la, tril la, tril la, tril la, la, le, la, la, Tril
 Listen, dear-est, lis - ten to it, Sweeter sounds were never heard ; 'Tis the song of that wild poet mim-ic minstrel Mocking Bird ;

THE MOCKING BIRD, Concluded.

la, la, la, la, la, le, la, la, la, la, la, le, la, Tril la, tril la, tril la, tril la, tril la, tril la, tril la, tril la, tril la, tril la, la.

Listen, dear-est, listen to it, Sweeter sounds were never heard; 'Tis the song of that wild poet, mimic minstrel Mocking Bird.....

'TIS SWEET TO PRAY. Song and Chorus.

Words by EMILY M. GODARD.

TENOR SOLO.

1. I pray for them when sun - set Is fringed with burnished gold, And stars like jew - els shin - ing With -
 2. I pray for them when night winds A - round my casements play, The zeph - yrs seem like An - gels To
 3. I pray for them when morn - ing Opens her ro - sy bow - ers, And gold - en ar - rows spar - kle Up -

p

- in night's sa - ble folds ; When wea - - ry of the tu - mult That lin - - gers round each
 bear my prayers a - way, When Lu - - na rides the heav - ens, In robes of spot - less
 - on the wak - ing flowers ; When jew - - els glistening trem - ble Up - on each fai - ry

SOLO.

Ritard. *pp*

day. I freight with prayer the evening air, For loved ones far a - way, I freight with prayer the evening air, For loved ones far a - way.
 white. Each beam shall bear my evening prayer To worlds of endless light, Each beam shall bear my evening prayer To worlds of endless light.
 bell, My prayer ascends, with morning's gems, For those I love so well, My prayer ascends with morning's gems, For those I love so well.

p *mf*

I freight with prayer the evening air, For loved ones far away, I freight with prayer, the evening air, For loved ones far a - way.

the evening air,

GOOD NIGHT SONG.

GENTLE.

1. Good night my love, good night, May soft re - pose thy couch at - tend, May fai - ry be - ings hov - er there ; When

2. Good night my love, good night, The stars shall watch thee as they shine, And if thy hap - py soul should roam ; With

mid - night's ho - ly hour is near, With thy sweet spir - it blend, With thy sweet spir - it blend.

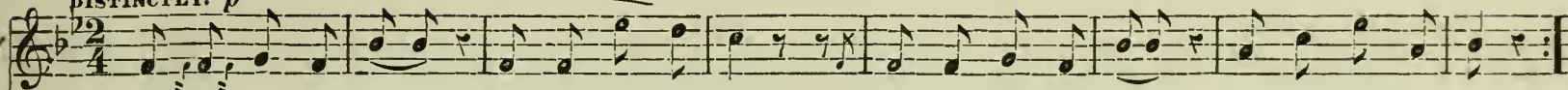
its bright vis - ions, may it come And stay a - while with mine, And stay a - while with mine.

"LANDSCAPE GARDENS."* Quartett.

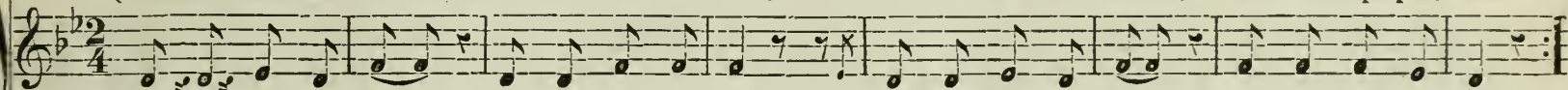
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Music from the "WESTERN BELL."

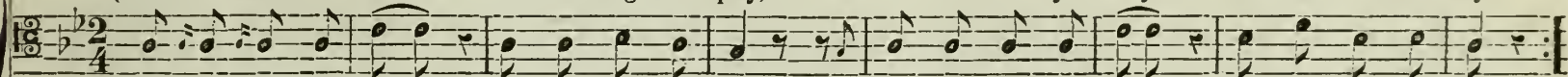
DISTINCTLY. p



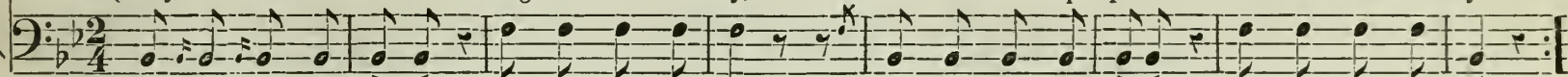
1. { Listen while we tell you, Well as num - bers can, What a French-man's taste is In a gar - den plan.
 { Streamlet, lake and fountain, Grass and shrubs and flowers, These are na - ture's bounties, For our hap - pier, hours.



2. { Par - a - pet up ris - ing, Rig - id white and high, Crowned with mar - ble statues, Point - ing to the sky.
 { Jet of wa - ter near, Seat - ter - ing its spray, In a ve - ry funny, Ar - ti - fi - cial way.

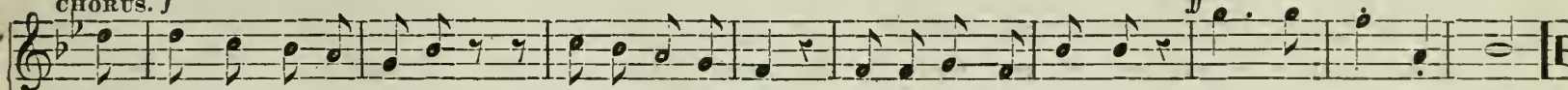


3. { Flo - ra, gen - tle Goddess, Cans't thou tell us why, Flow - er beds are cut out, Like a piece of pie.
 { Why a Frenchman shears Twig and leaf a - way, Un - til a tree ap - pears Like a stack of bay.

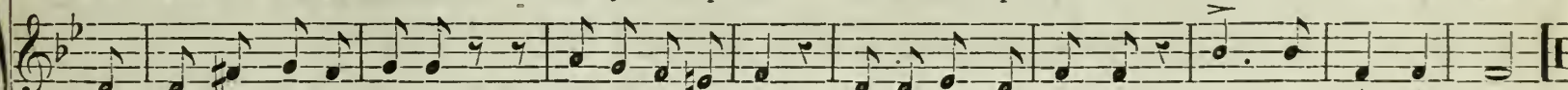


4. { Patch - es of green turf, An - gu - lar and square, Ac - cu - rate and painful Ob - jects eve - ry - where.
 { Dog a spout - ing waters Out of his dog's head, When in fact he or - ter Bark and bite in - stead.

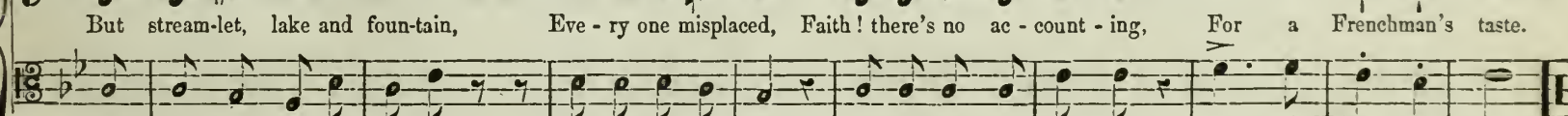
CHORUS. f



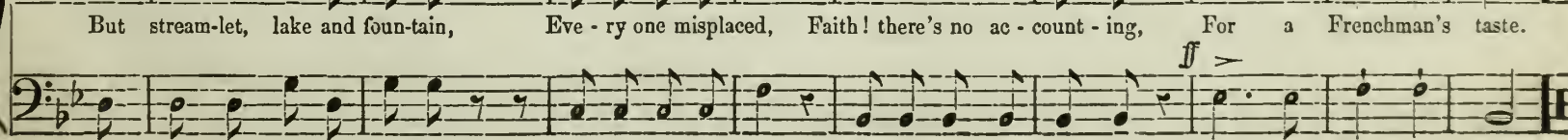
But stream-let, lake and foun-tain, Eve - ry one misplaced, In a landscape Gar - den, Is a Frenchman's taste.



But stream-let, lake and foun-tain, Eve - ry one misplaced, Faith! there's no ac - count - ing, For a Frenchman's taste.



But stream-let, lake and foun-tain, Eve - ry one misplaced, Faith! there's no ac - count - ing, For a Frenchman's taste.



* Words suggested on viewing the Landscape Gardens of France.

Spirightly. Not too fast.

1. O hark, how sweet on the list - ening ear, Is the sigh of the sum - mer breeze, With the song in the dell, of the

2. A - way o'er meadows with trip - ping feet, Let us haste to the sha - dy grove, Where the air is per-fumed with a

waters so clear, And the car - ol of birds in the trees. *f* La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

fragrance so sweet, And we e - cho the ac - cents of love; *ff* La, la, la, la, la, la,

la, O a-way o'er the mead-ows.

la, O a-way o'er the mead-ows.

la, O a-way o'er the mead-ows.

la, O a-way o'er the mead-ows.

CHURCH TUNE. S. M.

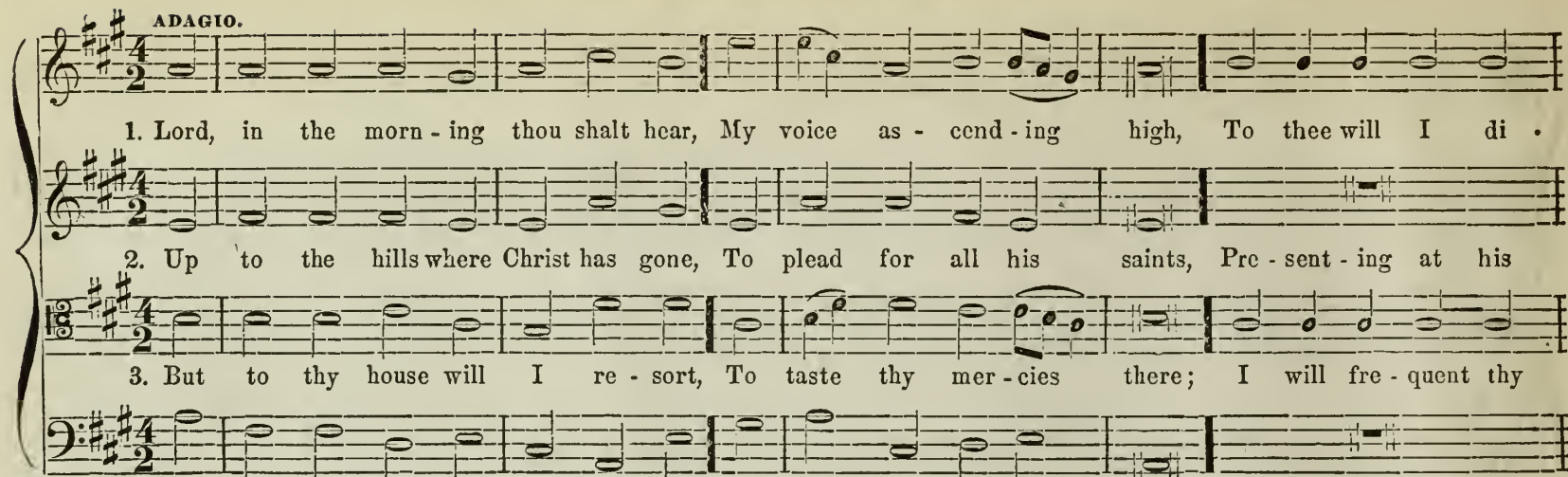
MAESTOSO.

1. My Ma-ker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy sovereign bounty is the spring, Whence all my blessings flow, Whence all my blessings flow.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a-lone I live; My God, thy bene-fits demand, More praise than life can give, More praise than life can give.

3. Shall I with-hold thy due? And shall my passion rove? Lord form this wretched heart anew, And fill it with thy love, And fill it with thy love.

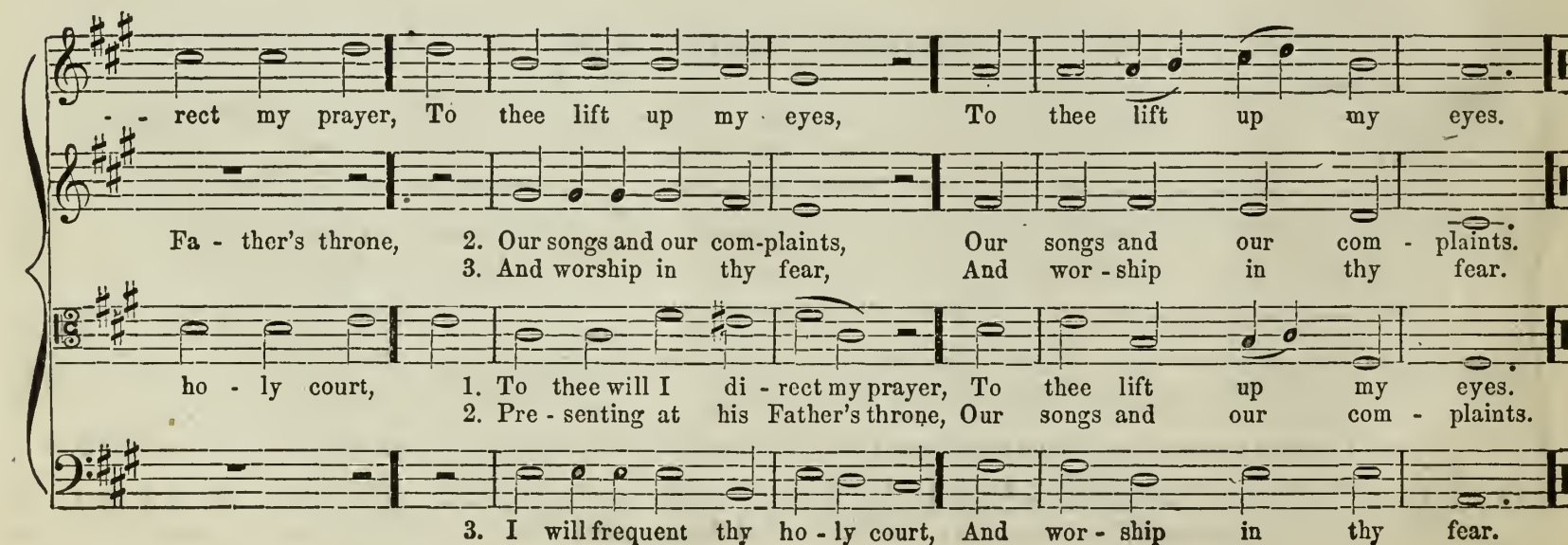
ADAGIO.



1. Lord, in the morn - ing thou shalt hear, My voice as - cend - ing high, To thee will I di -

2. Up to the hills where Christ has gone, To plead for all his saints, Pre - sent - ing at his

3. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer - cies there; I will fre - quent thy



- rect my prayer, To thee lift up my eyes, To thee lift up my eyes.

Fa - ther's throne, 2. Our songs and our com - plaints, Our songs and our com - plaints.

3. And worship in thy fear, And wor - ship in thy fear.

ho - ly court, 1. To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up my eyes.

2. Pre - senting at his Father's throne, Our songs and our com - plaints.

3. I will frequent thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in thy fear.

Music by F. H. PEASE.

QUARTET.

1. 'Neath the cool and ver-dant shade, On the old oak's gi-ant limb, We se- cure the cords have made, All is

2. Beau-ty on the cheek will glow, Kiss-es sweet from balmy air, Where the swing waves to and fro, Let us

3. 'Tis de-light-ful thus to go, Gent-ly glid-ing here and there, Hith-er thith-er to and fro, Float-ing

CHORUS. *

safe, the bal-ance trim; Swing, swing, swing, swing, To and fro, On the wing.

to its joys re-pair; La,..... la,..... la,..... la,..... la,..... la,..... la,.....

like a bird in air, Swing, Swing, Swing, Swing.

(4) Swing, swing, To and fro, On the wing.

* In the chorus to this Tune, the Soprano, Alto, and Bass are intended to represent the creaking and motion of a Swing; the Tenor the person who pushes, and the Solo voice, the Birds caroling in the tree above.

SWINGING SONG, Concluded.

Cres.

High, low, Here, there, Un - - - du - la - - ting through the air.

ECHO. pp

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Swing, Here, there, Spring - ing through the yield - ing air.

Piano Forte.

High, Low, Here, there, Up and down, 'tis pleas - ure rare.

FOREST MURMURS.

Poetry by J. B. REYNOLDS.

Andante con espressione.

1. The glo - ri - ous sunshine of sum - mer has fled, And the rich gold - en beau - ties of au - tumn ap - pear, While the

2. The fruits are all ripe, and the la - den trees groan, 'Neath the weight that is bend ing them down to the earth, And the

3. I love the rich au - tumn a - side from its gloom, And O, dear to my heart are its joy - la - den hours, And all

sky with that mild mellow light is o'erspread, Which so oft - en is seen in the fall of the year, And the breeze murmurs
 corn is all gathered, the wheat is all sown, And now comes the sea - son of pleas - ure and mirth, And the breeze dan - ces
 though there are voi - ces that speak of the tomb, Yet I love it far more than the sea - son of flowers, And I love its fresh

out in the for - est so wide, While it sends back a whis - per, "the ros - es have died."
 out on the riv - u - let tide, While it sends back a whis - per, "the ros - es have died."
 bree - zes, tho' oft they have sighed, And told to the world how the love - ly have died.

Diminuendo.

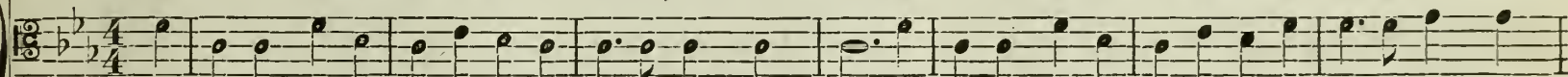
FAREWELL SONG.

29

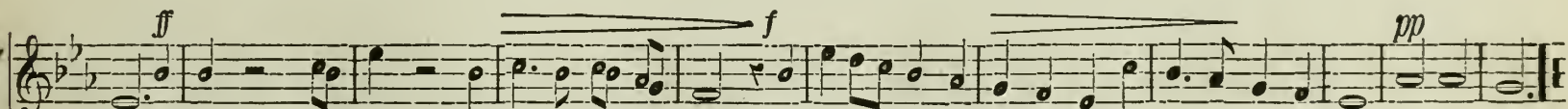
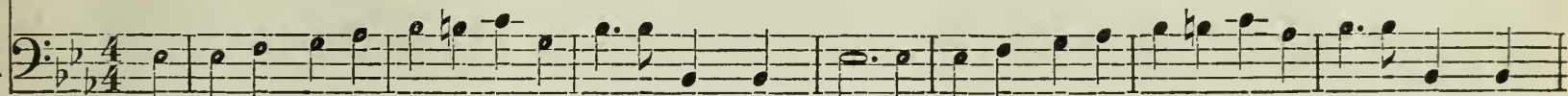
Words by C. H. DENISON.



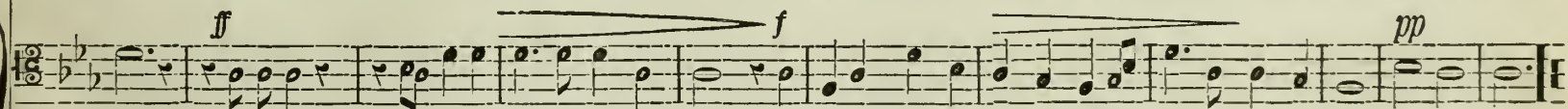
1. Come sing for me that song once more, For soon my bark will be Far from this bright and hap-py shore, Up-on the dark blue



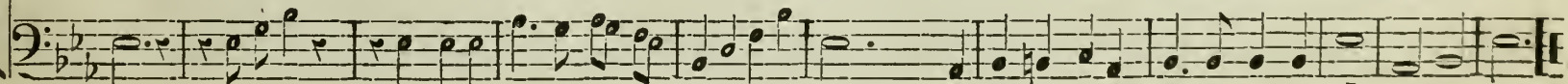
2. I love to lin-ger in this grot, And lis-ten to thy lay; But you shall nev-er be for-got, Tho' I am far a -



sea; Then come, that song, For soon my bark will be Far from this bright and happy shore, Up-on the dark blue sea, dark blue sea.



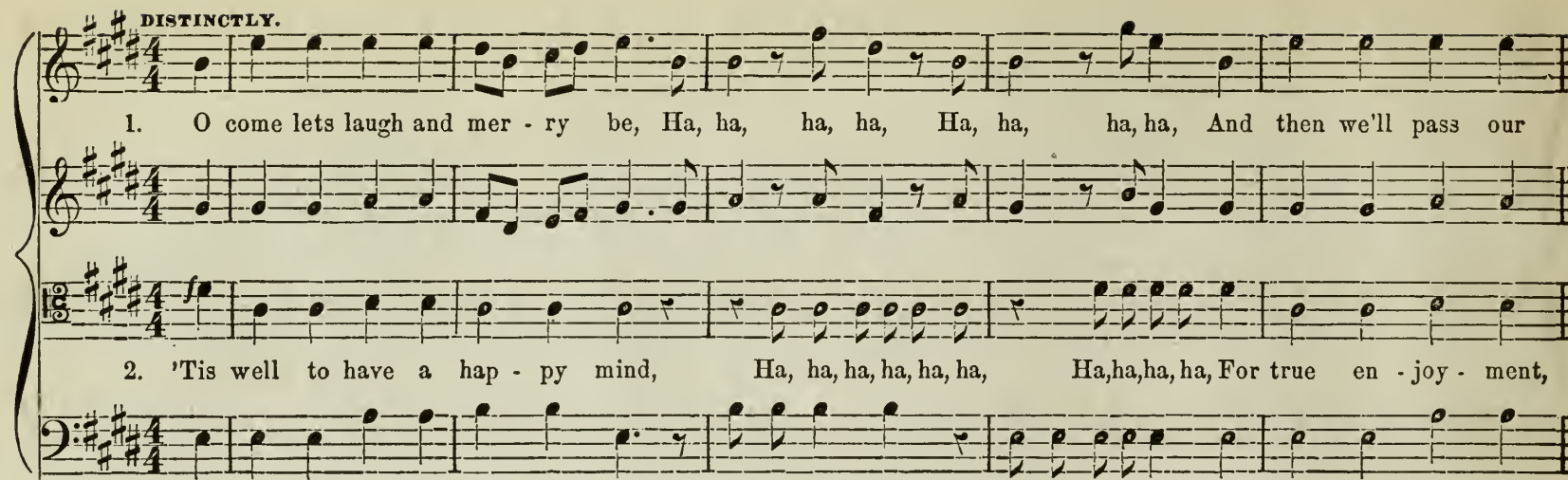
- - way, Sing for me that song, For soon my bark will be Far from this bright and happy shore, Up-on the dark blue sea, dark blue sea.



Far from this bright

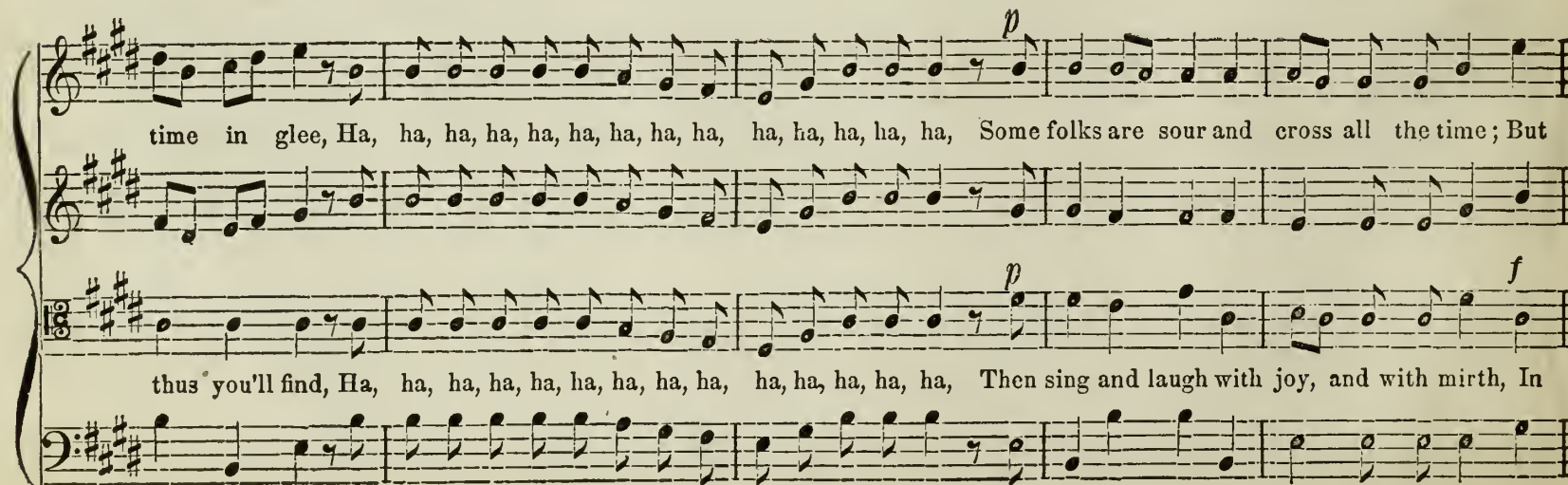
LAUGHING CHORUS.

DISTINCTLY.



1. O come lets laugh and mer - ry be, Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, And then we'll pass our

2. 'Tis well to have a hap - py mind, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, For true en - joy - ment,



time in glee, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Some folks are sour and cross all the time; But

thus you'll find, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Then sing and laugh with joy, and with mirth, In

LAUGHING CHORUS, Concluded.

31

we will sing and laugh all in rhyme, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

for - est grand at home by the hearth, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ha, ha, ha, ha,

MRS. LOFTY AND I, (Song and Accompanying Chorus.)

By JUDSON HUTCHINSON. Arr. as Chorus by F. H. PEASE.

SOLO. *mf*

1. Mrs. Lof - ty keeps a car - riage, She has dapple greys to draw it, She's no prouder with her coachman,

ALTO. CHORUS.

So do I, so do I, None have I, None have I, Then am

With my blue eyed laughing baby, I hide his face, lest she should see . . . my cherub

I, Than am I, Trundling by, trundling by, I hide his face, lest she should see . . .

I, Than am I, 4. And then the difference, 'twill define.
1. I hide his face, lest she should,

boy, And en-vy me.

My cherub boy, And en-vy me.

3. Will hold his loved ones in his hands.
4. Twixt Mrs. Lofty's, her wealth and mine.

- 2 Her fine husband has white fingers, ||: Mine has not ; :||
He could give his bride a palace, ||: Mine a cot, :||
Her's comes home beneath the starlight, ||: Ne'er cares she. :||
Mine comes in the purple twilight. ||: Kisses me ; :||
And prays that He who turns life's sands,
Will hold his loved ones in his hands.
- 3 Mrs. Lofty has her jewels, ||: So have I, :||
She wears her's upon her bosom, ||: Inside I ; :||
She will leave her's at Death's portals ||: By and by, :||
I shall bear the treasures with me, ||: When I die ; :||
For I have *love* and she has *gold*,
She *counts* her wealth, mine *can't* be *told*.
- 4 She has those that love her station, ||: None have I, :||
But I've one true heart beside me, ||: Glad am I. :||
I'd not change it for a Kingdom, ||: No, not I, :||
God will weigh it in his balance, ||: By and by. :||
And then the difference 'twill define,
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

“ONLY AN ANGEL.” Quartet.

33

GENTLY.

p

1. On - ly an an - gel, whose strain low and deep,—Gent - ly, peace - ful - ly, wafts me to sleep;

2. On - ly a mes - sen - ger sent from his throne, Call - ing me, his poor prod - i - gal, home;

3. On - ly an an - gel, whose strain low and deep, Gent - ly, peace - ful - ly, wafts me to sleep;

On - ly a flow'ret, with thorns, 'tis true, Grasp it, 'tis sting - less, And beau - ti - ful too.

On - ly a slum - - ber, dreamless and sweet, Ere the a - wak - 'ning To bliss most com - plete.

On - ly the por - tal, lead - ing.... to life, On - ly cess - a - tion Of earth's an - gry strife.

SUMMER DAYS ARE COMING.

LIGHTLY.

1. The sum-mer days are com-ing, The glo-rious sum-mer hours, When Na-ture decks her gorgeous robes With

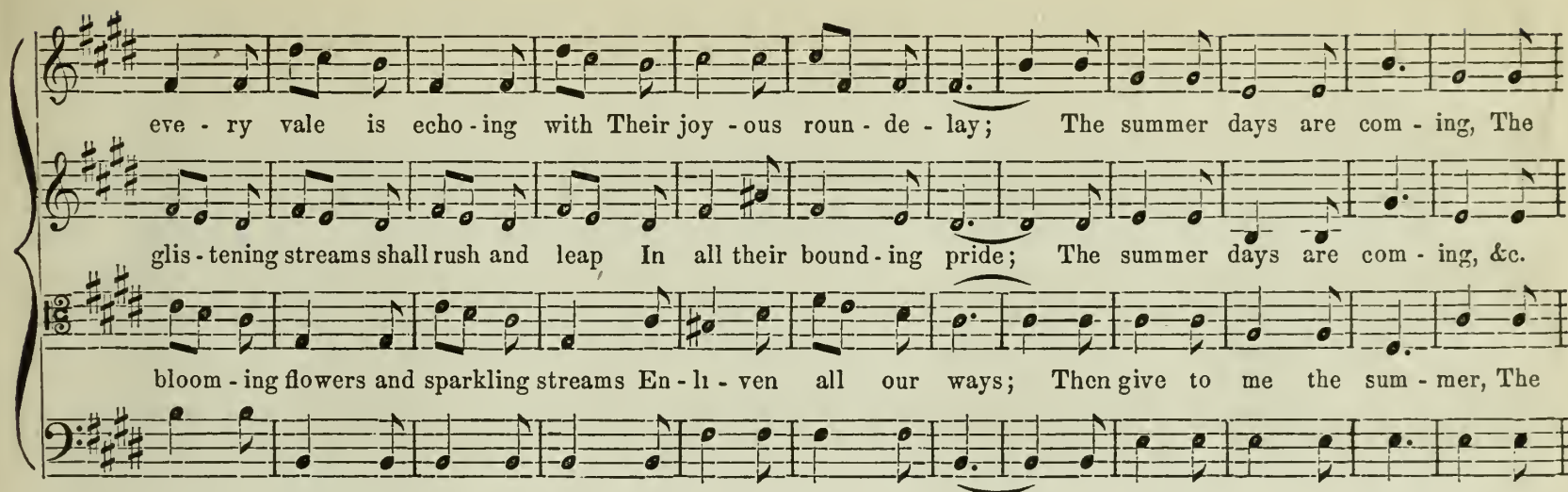
2. No more shall fros-ty win-ter Hold in its cold em-brace, The wa-ter; but the riv--er Shall

3. There's pleasure in the win-ter, When o'er the frozen snow, With faith-ful friend and no-ble steed, Right

sunbeams and with flowers; And gath-ers all her choris-ters In plu-mage bright and gay, Till

join a-gain the race, And down the mountain's val-ley, And o'er its rock-y side, The

mer-ri-ly we go! But give to me the summer, The pleas-ant sum-mer days, When

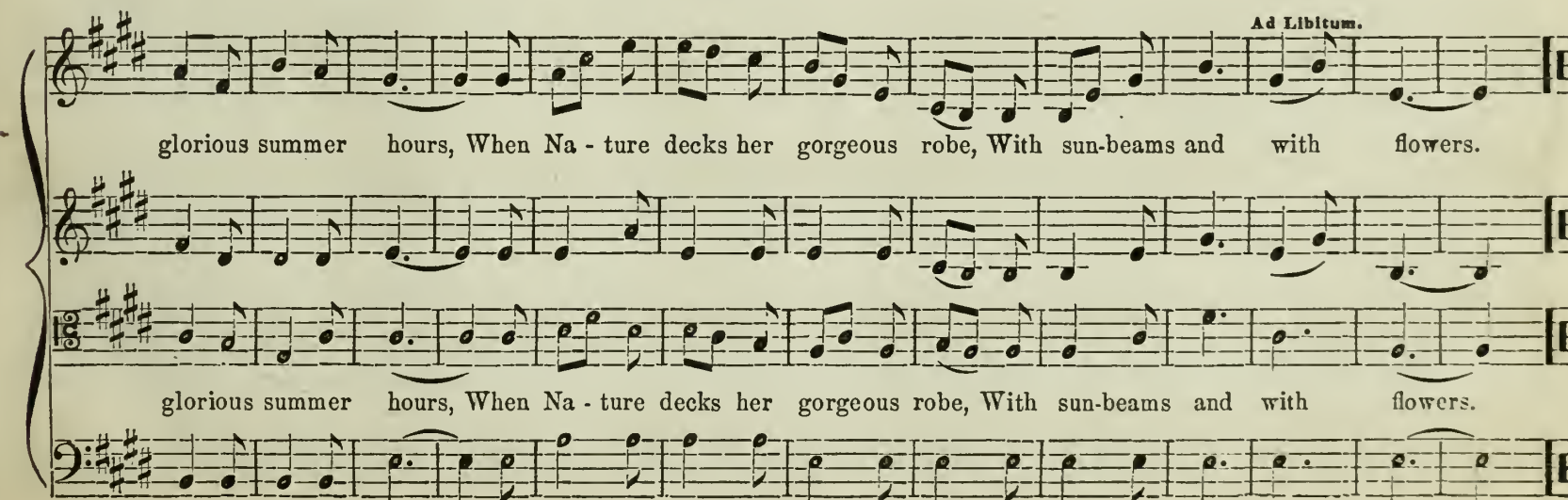


First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "eve - ry vale is echo - ing with Their joy - ous roun - de - lay; The summer days are com - ing, The glis - tening streams shall rush and leap In all their bound - ing pride; The summer days are com - ing, &c. bloom - ing flowers and sparkling streams En - li - ven all our ways; Then give to me the sum - mer, The".

eve - ry vale is echo - ing with Their joy - ous roun - de - lay; The summer days are com - ing, The

glis - tening streams shall rush and leap In all their bound - ing pride; The summer days are com - ing, &c.

bloom - ing flowers and sparkling streams En - li - ven all our ways; Then give to me the sum - mer, The



Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "glorious summer hours, When Na - ture decks her gorgeous robe, With sun - beams and with flowers. Ad Libitum. glorious summer hours, When Na - ture decks her gorgeous robe, With sun - beams and with flowers." The first vocal line ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign, and the piano accompaniment also ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second vocal line continues with the same lyrics and ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment continues with the same lyrics and ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

glorious summer hours, When Na - ture decks her gorgeous robe, With sun - beams and with flowers. *Ad Libitum.*

glorious summer hours, When Na - ture decks her gorgeous robe, With sun - beams and with flowers.

"SPRING COMES IN SOFT AND SWEET ARRAY."

SPIRITUOSO.

SPRITUOSO.

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano (Soprano), Alto (Alto), and Bass (Bass). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The Soprano part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The Alto part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The Bass part begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in italics. The score is divided into three systems, each with a key signature change indicated by a sharp sign on the first staff of the system.

1. Spring comes in soft and sweet ar - ray, And throws her man - tle o'er the hills ; Breathes on the air a sweet per-fume, And with new
2. The ten - der blade waves in the sun, The trembling leaves dance on the trees ; The birds are glad with songs of joy, And streams go

3. So glad-ness comes, and o'er our hearts Thy ra - dant charms a ha - lo fling ; Bid hope and joy e - ter - nal spring, And love its
3. *p* So gladness comes, and o'er our hearts Thy radiant charms a ha - lo fling ; Bid hope and joy e - - ternal spring, And

1. Spring comes, in soft and sweet ar-ray, And throws her man - tle o'er the hills ; Breathes on the air a sweet perfume, And
2. *p* The ten - der blade waves in the sun, The trembling leaves dance on the trec ; The birds are glad with songs of joy, And streams go

The musical score consists of five staves. The first three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass), and the last two are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

- Vocal Parts:**
 - Soprano: "life the woodland fills. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Spring comes in soft and sweet array."
 - Alto: "wealth of pleasure bring. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Spring comes in soft and sweet array."
 - Tenor/Bass: "love its wealth of pleasure bring. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Spring comes in soft and sweet array."
- Piano Accompaniment:**
 - Staff 4: "with new life the woodland fills. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Spring comes in soft and sweet array."
 - Staff 5: "rip - pling glad and free. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la."

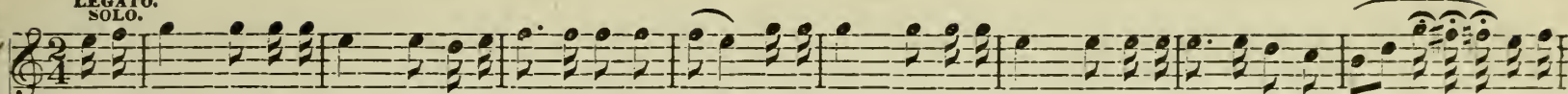
Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and repeat signs for the first and second times.

THE RIVULET. (Chorus, with Obligato Solo.)

F. H. PEASE.

37

LEGATO.
SOLO.



1. Ev-er glanc - ing, ev-er danc - ing, Like a sportive child at play, From its foun - tain, on the mountain, Leaps the riv - u - let a - way. From its
2. When the old - en moon is gold - en, Gilding ev - 'ry tree and plant, And the el - fin feasts are hold - en In the hol-low oaks they haunt. Ev-er

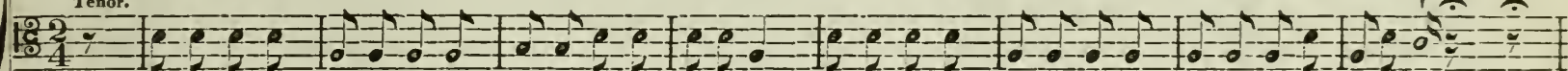
Soprano & Alto.



STACCATO. *p*

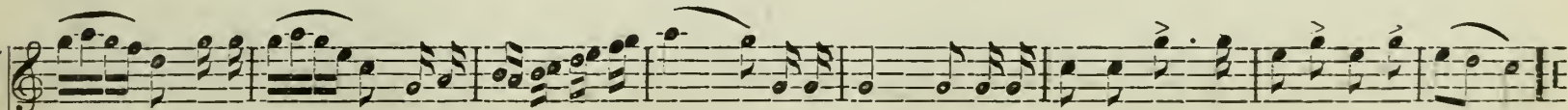
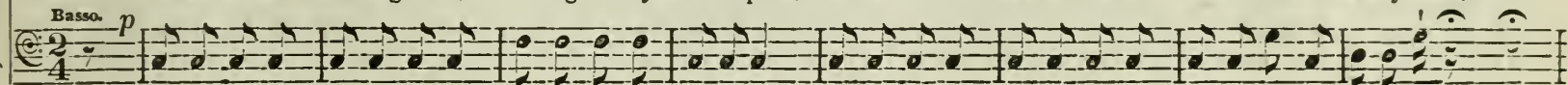
1. Ev-er glancing, ev-er dancing, Like a sportive child at play, From its fountain, on the mountain, Leaps the riv - u - let a - way.

Tenor.

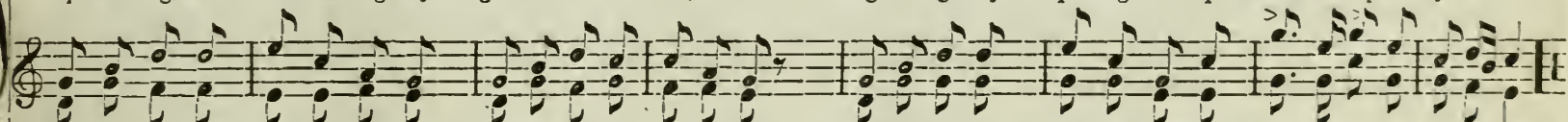


2. When the old - en moon is gold-en, Gild-ing ev - 'ry tree and plant, And the el-fin feasts are holden In the hol-low oak they haunt,

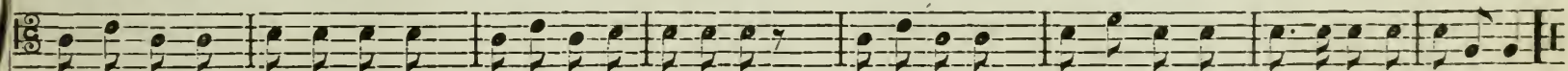
Basso.



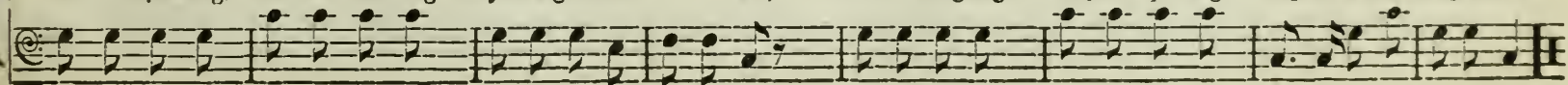
start - ing, swiftly dart - ing, Tinkling like a sil-ver bell; . . . As it cross - es, thro' the moss-es, Where the for-est fairies dwell. . .
spark - ling, thro' the dark - ling Myrtles green and vi-o - let; . . . Thou art laugh - ing, they are quaffing Li - quid wine from cups of jet. . . .



From its start-ing, swift-ly dart-ing, Tinkling like a sil-ver bell, As it cross-es, thro' the moss-es Where the for-est fai-ries dwell.



Ev - er sparkling, thro' the dark-ling Myr-tles green and vi - o - let; Thou art laughing, They are quaffing Liquid wine from cups of jet.



GENTLY.

1. "There is a mod-est lit-tle flower, To friendship ev-er dear, 'Tis nourished in her humble bower, And watered by her

2. If hearts by fond af-fec-tion tied Should chance to slip a-way, This lit-tle flower will gen-tly chide The heart that thus would

3. Let Cypress trees and Willows rare Be used, if gay the spot," But sweeter still, tho' not so fair, Is dear For-get-me-

Ad Libitum.

tears. For-get-me-not, For-get-me-not, 'Tis nourished in her humble bower, And watered by her tears.

stray, For-get-me-not, For-get-me-not, This lit-tle flower will gen-tly chide The heart that thus would stray.

not, For-get-me-not, For-get-me-not, But sweeter still, tho' not so fair, Is dear For-get-me-not.

AUTUMN FROSTS, AUTUMN RAINS. Quartett.

Words by ALICE CAREY.
Music by T. WOOD.

1. Through my win - dow shows the stain Of the oak grown sad - - ly sear, Au - tumn frosts and
 2. Were you sit - ting near to me, O my friend this drear - - y day, Brown - est fields would

3. In their yel - low caps they stand, Down the ridg - es two by two, Look - ing ve - ry

4. From its power of bit - ing thorns Will the sweet briar break in May, Like a thou - sand

The first system consists of five staves. The first four staves are for vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and the fifth is for piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in common time.

au - tumn rains, Fall a month too soon, my dear, Fall a month too soon, my dear.
 seem to be Sweet with speck - led pinks and hay, Sweet with speck - led pinks and hay.

proud and grand, As if God had made them new, As if God had made them new.

lit - tle morns, To one round and ro - - sy day, To one round and ro - - sy day.

The second system consists of five staves. The first four staves are for vocal parts and the fifth is for piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in common time.

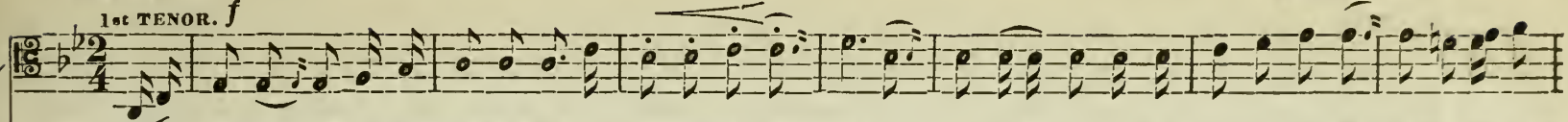
HURRAH FOR THE WEST! (Male Voices.)

41

With energy, but not very quick.

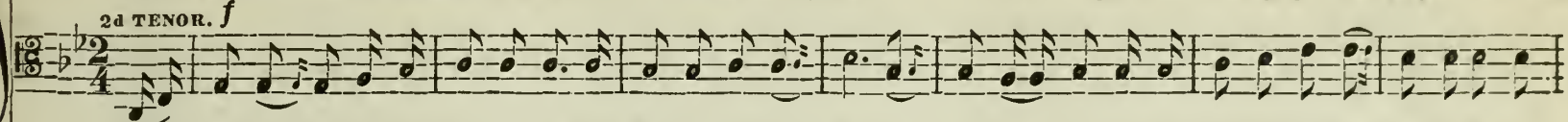
WM. U. BUTCHER.

1st TENOR. *f*



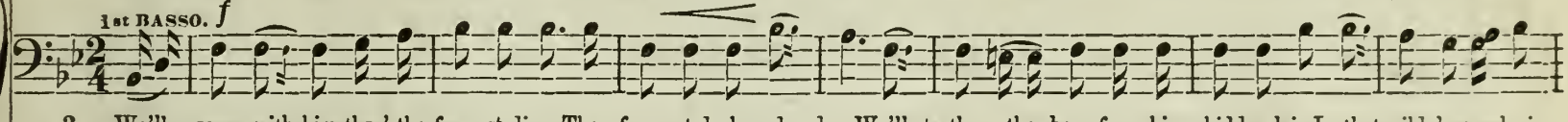
1. Hur - rah for the West! the broad fertile West! With prairies stretching afar; We'll fol - low the flight of the morning light, And Empire's westering

2d TENOR. *f*



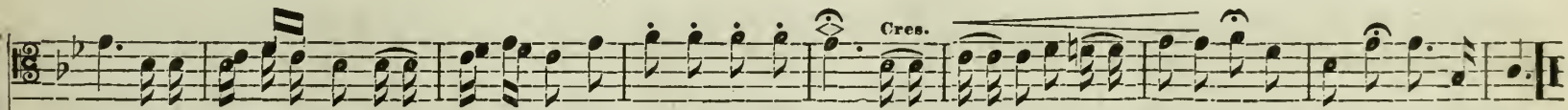
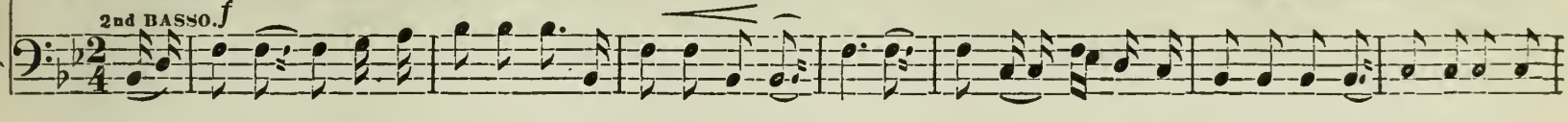
2. O we long to hear, 'neath the moonlight clear, The wolf's quick startling cry; And a - gain to see, in the Autumn free, The prairie fire go

1st BASSO. *f*

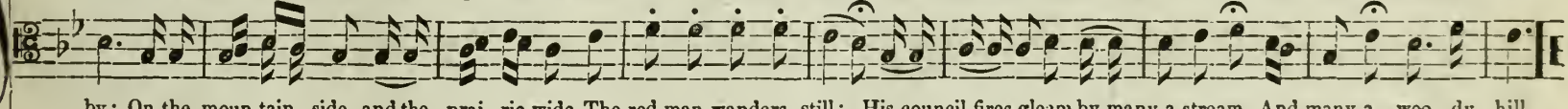


3. We'll roam with him thro' the for - est dim, The for - est dark and rude; We'll startle the bear from his hidden lair, In that wild deep sol - i -

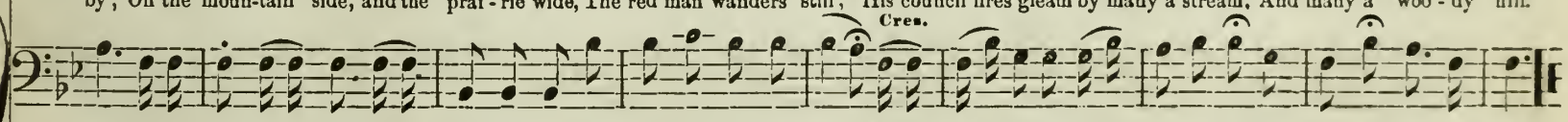
2nd BASSO. *f*



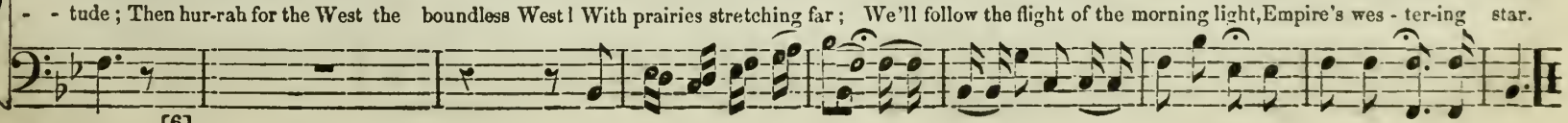
star; Where the mountains rise to the deep blue skies, Our feet shall wander free, Where the wild deer bounds, from the baying hounds, We long once more to be.



by; On the moun-tain side, and the prai - rie wide, The red man wanders still; His council fires gleam by many a stream, And many a woo - dy hill



- - tude; Then hur-rah for the West the boundless West! With prairies stretching far; We'll follow the flight of the morning light, Empire's wes - ter-ing star.

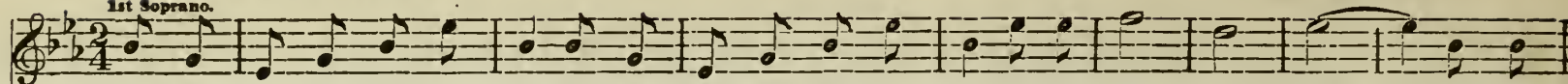


HAVE YOU SEEN KITTY CLYDE. Duet and Chorus.

Words by ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

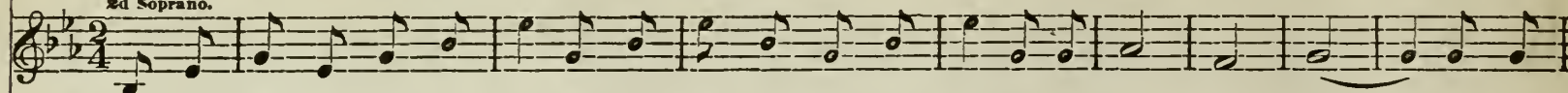
Music by P.

1st Soprano.



1. Have you seen sweet Kit - ty Clyde, Sail - ing o'er the riv - er's tide In her light ca - noe?.... When the
 2. Have you seen this self same maid, For her bright eyes nev - er fade, On some gold - en day,.... When the

2d Soprano.

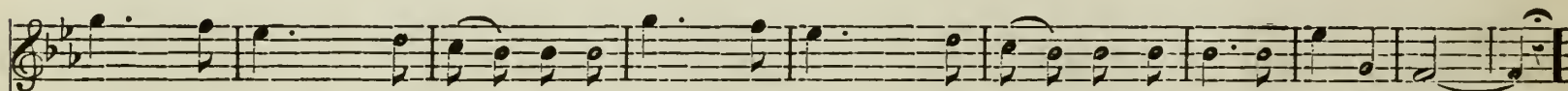
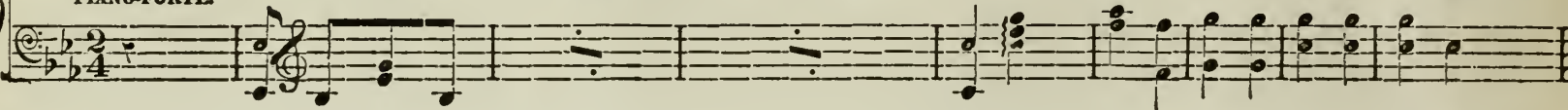


8va.

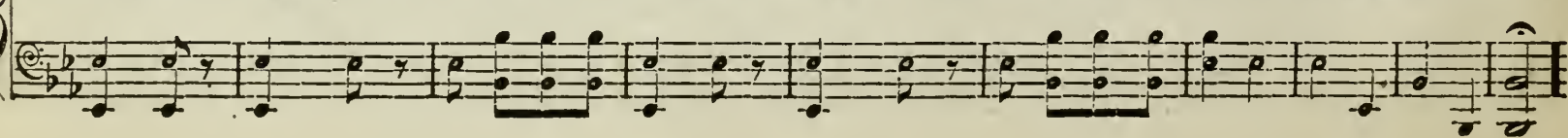
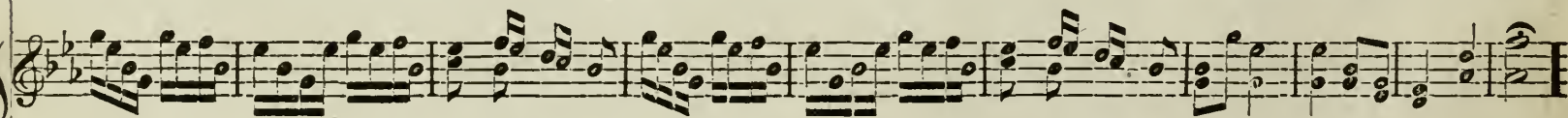
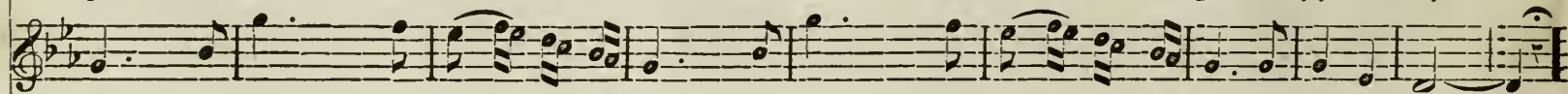
loco.



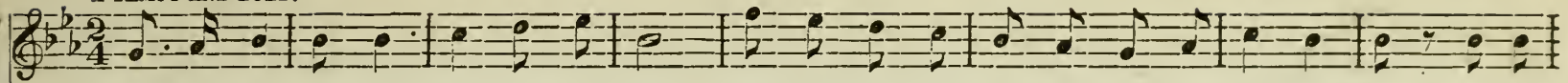
PIANO-FORTE.



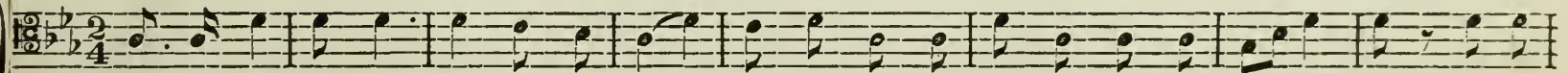
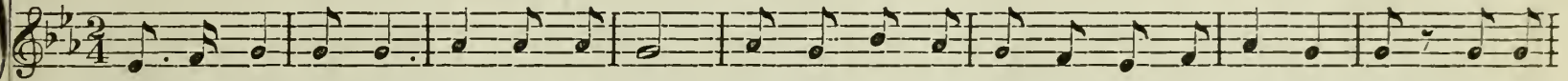
stars a - bove are beaming, And the sil - - ver moon - - light streaming From the e - ther vault so blue?....
 spar - - row and the thrush, And the rob - - in, on the bush, Swell a glad-some, joy - ous lay?.....



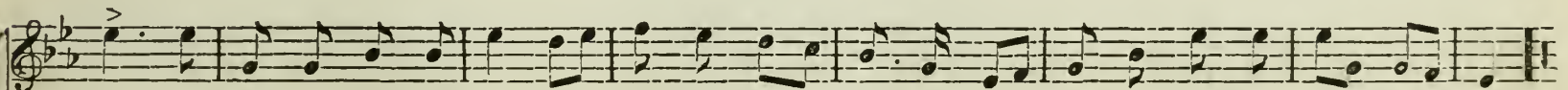
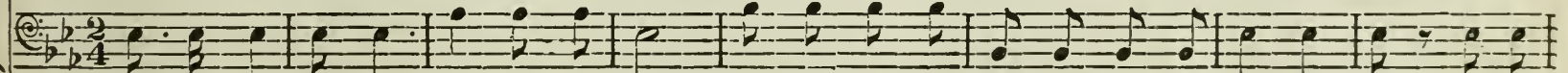
CHORUS.
A TEMPO AND BOLD.



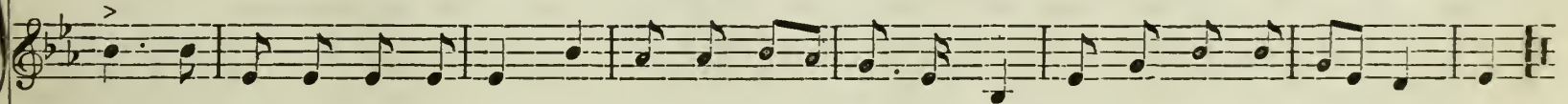
Have you seen Kit - ty, sweet Kit - ty Clyde, Sail - ing o'er the riv - er, o'er the riv - er's tide, When the



Have you seen Kit - ty, sweet Kit - ty Clyde, Sail - ing o'er the riv - er, o'er the riv - er's tide, When the



stars are beam-ing, And the moon - light stream-ing, O! have you seen Kit - ty, In her light ca - noe?



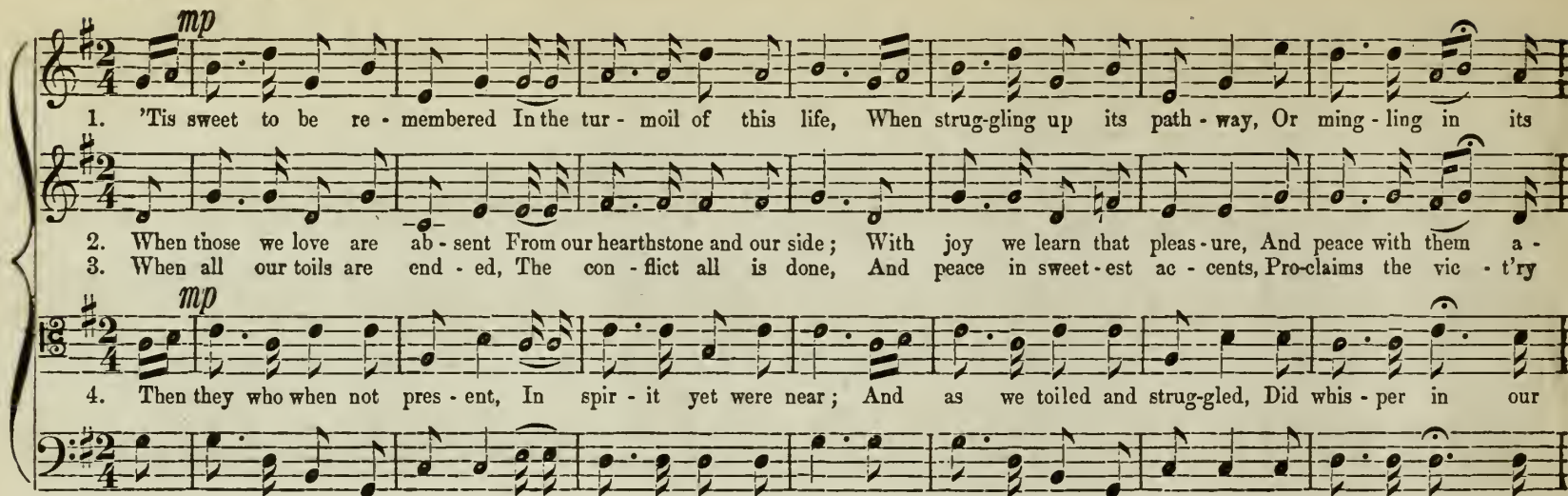
stars are beam-ing, And the moon - light stream-ing, O! have you seen Kit - ty, In her light ca - noe?



'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED. Quartett.

Words by JOHN S. ADAMS.

mp



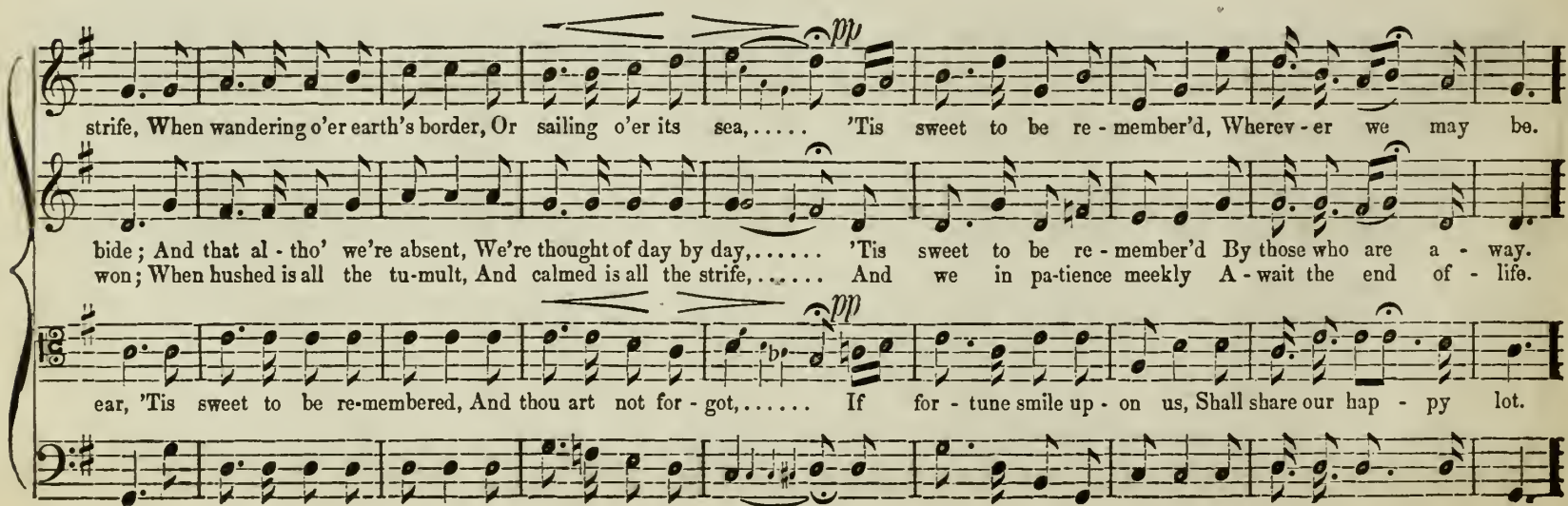
1. 'Tis sweet to be re-membered In the tur-moil of this life, When strug-gling up its path-way, Or ming-ling in its

2. When those we love are ab-sent From our hearthstone and our side; With joy we learn that pleas-ure, And peace with them a-

3. When all our toils are end-ed, The con-flict all is done, And peace in sweet-est ac-cents, Pro-claims the vic-t'ry

4. Then they who when not pres-ent, In spir-it yet were near; And as we toiled and strug-gled, Did whis-per in our

mp



strife, When wandering o'er earth's border, Or sailing o'er its sea,..... 'Tis sweet to be re-member'd, Wherev-er we may be.

bide; And that al-tho' we're absent, We're thought of day by day,..... 'Tis sweet to be re-member'd By those who are a-way.

won; When hushed is all the tu-mult, And calmed is all the strife,..... And we in pa-tience meekly A-wait the end of - life.

ear, 'Tis sweet to be re-membered, And thou art not for-got,..... If for-tune smile up-on us, Shall share our hap-py lot.

CODA.

Then don't, don't for - get us, Don't, don't for - get us, 'Tis sweet to be re - membered, Wher - ev - er we may be, Wher - ev - er we may be.

f *p* *mf Cres.* *ff* *mp ECHO.*

Then don't, don't for - get us, Don't, don't for - get us, 'Tis sweet to be re - membered, Wher - ev - er we may be, Wher - ev - er we may be.

f *p* *mf Cres.* *ff* *mp ECHO.*

THE MOURNERS.

T. WOOD.

"The Father and Mother of a boy lately drowned in the Ohio River, are daily seen in a skiff, grappling for the body of their lost child, often ceasing from their labors to weep."

Ad Lib.

1. Nev - er heed, When 'tis dead, Where the cold corse lies, On - ly pray, fer - vent - ly, That the soul may rise.

2. To and fro, There they row, O'er the treacherous wave, And they weep, O'er the deep, 'Tis their loved one's grave.

3. Nev - er more, Ply the oar, For a - las! 'tis vain; Far a - way, Is the clay, Drifting t'wards the main.

4. Weep no more, Rest the oar—Let the tear drop dry; For at rest, With the blest, Is his soul on high.

f MAESTOSO.

Wide ye heav'nly gates un - fold, Clos'd no more by death and sin; Lo! the conqu'ring Lord be - hold! Let the King of glo - ry in!

Wide ye heav'nly gates un - fold, Clos'd no more by death and sin; Lo! the conqu'ring Lord be - hold! Let the King of glo - ry in!

p *ff* *ff*

Hark! th' angel - ic host in - quire "Who is he, th' Almighty King?" Hark again! the answering choir, Thus, in strains of triumph

Hark! th' angel - ic host in - quire "Who is he, th' Al-mighty King?" Hark a - gain! the answering choir,

sing.....

He, whose pow'ful arm a - lone

On his foes de - struction

He, whose pow'ful arm a - lone

On his foes de - struction

Thus in strains of tri-umph sing, He, whose pow'ful arm a - lone, On his foes de-struc-tion hurl'd;

ff

hurl'd; He, who hath the vic-t'ry won; He, who sav'd a ru - in'd world; He, who God's pure love fulfill'd,

hurl'd; He, who hath the vic-t'ry won; He, who sav'd a ru-in'd world; He, who God's pure love fulfill'd,

He, who hath the vic-t'ry won; He, who sav'd a ru-in'd world; He, who God's pure law.... ful-fill'd....

POCO A POCO RITARD.

"WIDE YE HEAVENLY GATES UNFOLD." Continued.

Je - sus, the in - car - nate word, He, whose truth with blood was seal'd, He is heaven's all glo - rious Lord ; He is heaven's all

He is heaven's all

Je - sus, the in - car - nate word, He, whose truth with blood was seal'd, He is heaven's all glo - rious Lord, He is heaven's all

He is heaven's all

glo - rious Lord. Who shall to this blest a - bode Fol - low in the Sav - iour's train? They who, in his pre - cious blood, Wash a - way each

glo - rious Lord. Who shall, to this blest a - bode, Wash a - way each

gra - cious Lord. Who shall, to this blest a - bode, Fol - low in the Saviour's train?

guil - ty stain ; They, whose daily actions prove Steadfast faith and ho - ly fear, Fer - vent zeal and ho - ly love, They shall dwell, they shall dwell, they shall

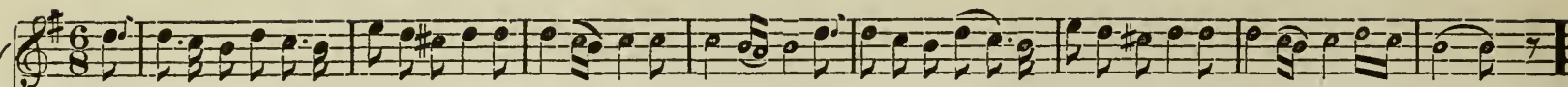
guil - ty stain ; They, whose daily actions prove Steadfast faith and ho - ly fear, Fer - vent zeal and ho - ly love, They shall dwell, they shall

They shall dwell,

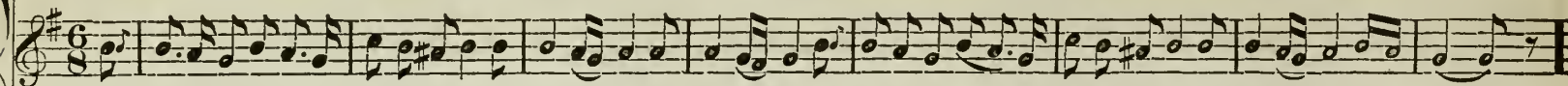
dwell, . . They shall dwell for - ev - er here, They shall dwell for - ev - er here, They shall dwell for - ev - er here, They shall dwell for - ev - er here . . .

dwell, . . They shall dwell for - ev - er here, They shall dwell for - ev - er here, They shall dwell for - ev - er here, They shall dwell for - ev - er here . . .

LET'S FLY TO THE CHASE.

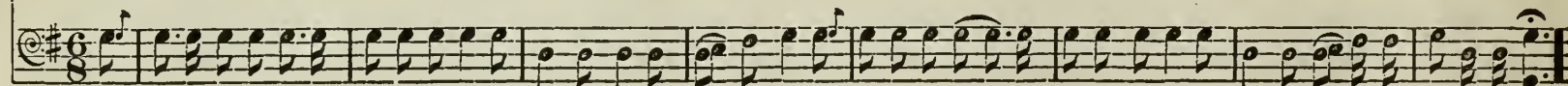


1. Let's fly to the chase, boys, the morning invites. Ho, tal - ly ho! Ho, tal - ly ho! Let's join in its sports, boys, its toils and delights. Ho, tal - ly ho! tally ho.



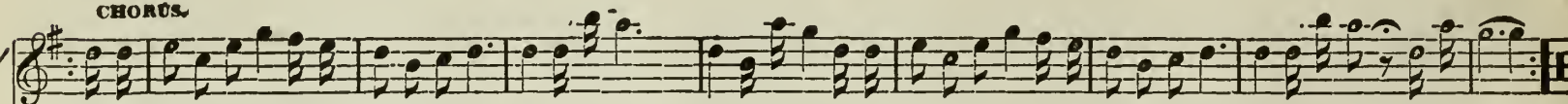
2. See the noble stag bounding, his antlers thrown back, Ho, tally ho! Ho, tal - ly ho! With a loud view-hallo, boys, we burst on the track, Ho, tally ho! tally ho.

3. He dies, boys, he dies; give the cheerful horn breath, Ho, tally ho! Ho, tal - ly ho! Put spurs to your horses, be in at the death, Ho, tal - ly ho! tally ho.

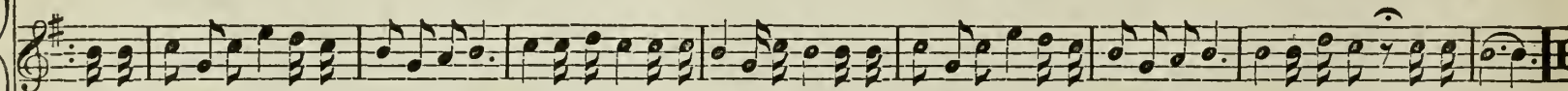


Ho, tal - ly ho!

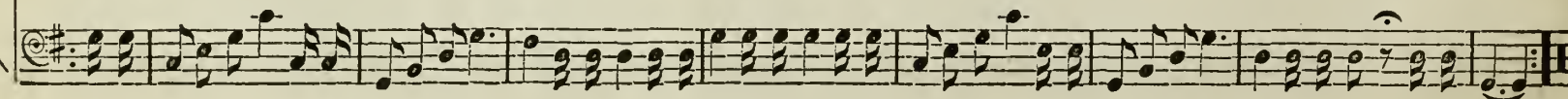
CHORUS.



Let the woodlands resound to the cry of the hound, Ho, tally ho! Ho, tal - ly ho! Let the woodlands resound to the cry of the hound, Ho, tally ho! tally ho!



Let the woodlands resound to the cry of the hound, Ho, tally ho! Ho, tal - ly ho! Let the woodlands resound to the cry of the hound, Ho, tally ho! tally ho!



CRICKET SONG.

Words by HARRIETT EVERSON.

Music by F. H. P.

51

Not too fast. Sva. Sva.

1. I've a crick-et at home in the cor-ner, That mer-ri-ly year af-ter year Looks
2. At all times in all sorts of weath-er, He's cheer-ful and mer-ry and gay, What to

out of his old brick cas-tle, And sings with a won-der-ful cheer,..... And there's not e'en a child on the
him is the rain or the sun-shine, That lightens or darkens the day,..... When from morning till cometh the

Cres.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *z* (zest). The lyrics are: "Te, de, te, de, te, de, Te, de, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Te, de, te, de, te, de. list to the crick - et, Friends, list - en and hear, He sings from his wick - et So wildly and clear."

3
Yet withal, he's a heartless old cricket,
Still chirping for aye the same song;
Forgetting the truth "Unto all things
A time and a season belong."
'Tis seemly enough to be singing
A gay song when people are glad;
But the truth is, this indiscreet cricket
Sings just the same song if we're sad.

4
At a time when great joy throws around us
Its mantle so dazzlingly bright,
I wish he would tune his gay measure
To strains of a wilder delight.
And then when deep sorrow outstretcheth
Its wings o'er our hearthstones, I say
"O sing if you must, but sing sadly—
Sing sorrowful dirges to-day."

5
But unheeded is all my entreaty;
For still it is nothing to him,
If our cup runneth over with gladness,
Or filleth with woe to the brim,
So he sang us the same song this evening,
With just the same wonderful cheer,
Looking out of his old brick castle,
That he has for this many a year.

1st Tenor. *mf* *p* *mf*

Come si - lent evening o'er us, In this sequestered plain, And as thou closest o'er us, We'll chant our hum - ble

2d Tenor.

1st Bass. *mf* *p* *mf*

Come si - lent evening o'er us, In this sequestered plain, And as thou closest o'er us, We'll chant our hum - ble

2d Bass.

pp *Dim.* *mf*

strain, See twilight fast de - scend - ing Up - on each dale and hill, The sun his last rays bending, Now glimmers on the rill, Now

pp *Dim.* *mf*

strain, See twilight fast de - scend - ing, Up - on each dale and hill, The sun his last rays bending, Now glimmers on the rill, Now

lovely nature weav - eth Too soon the garb of night, And beau - ti - ful ap - pear - eth The moon with silvery light ; Hark ! thro' the silence

lovely nature weav - eth Too soon the garb of night, And beau - ti - ful ap - pear - eth The moon with silvery light ; Hark ! thro' the silence

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a musical score. It features two staves of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal lines are in a soprano and alto register, while the piano parts are in the treble and bass clefs. The music is in 4/4 time and B-flat major. The lyrics are: 'lovely nature weav - eth Too soon the garb of night, And beau - ti - ful ap - pear - eth The moon with silvery light ; Hark ! thro' the silence'. The system includes dynamic markings: 'Cres.' (Crescendo) and 'Dim.' (Diminuendo) above the vocal lines.

reigning, The flute's soft murm'ring song while Nightingales com - plain-ing, Their melting notes prolong, their notes, Their melting notes prolong.

reigning, The flute's soft murm'ring song while Nightingales com - plain-ing, Their melting notes prolong, their notes, Their melting notes prolong.

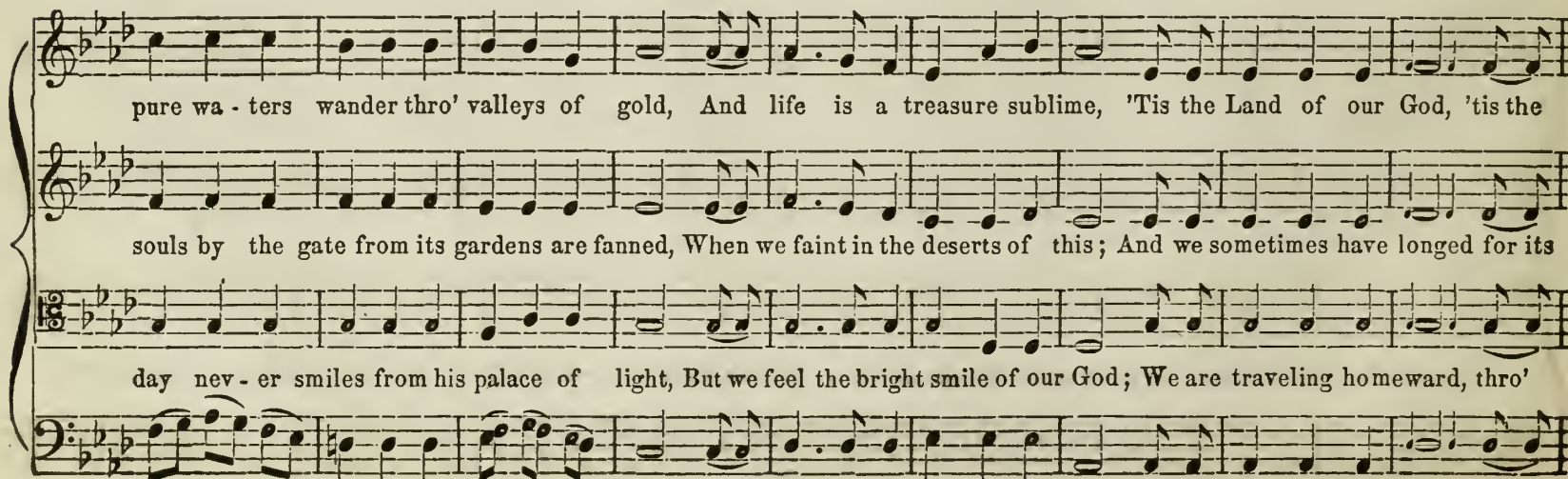
Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are: 'reigning, The flute's soft murm'ring song while Nightingales com - plain-ing, Their melting notes prolong, their notes, Their melting notes prolong.'. The system includes dynamic markings: 'Cres.' and 'Dim.' above the vocal lines. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.



1. There's a land far a - way, 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time; Where the

2. Our gaze cannot soar to that beauti - ful land, But our vis - ions have told of its bliss, And our

3. Oh! the stars nev-er tread the blue heavens' night, But we think where the ransomed have trod; And the



pure wa - ters wander thro' valleys of gold, And life is a treasure sublime, 'Tis the Land of our God, 'tis the

souls by the gate from its gardens are fanned, When we faint in the deserts of this; And we sometimes have longed for its

day nev - er smiles from his palace of light, But we feel the bright smile of our God; We are traveling homeward, thro'

home of the soul, Where a - ges of splen - dor e - ter - nal - ly roll, Where the way - wea - ry trav - el - er reach - es his
 ho - ly re - pose, When our spir - its were worn by temp - ta - tion and woes, And we've drank from the tide of the riv - er that
 chan - ges and gloom, To a King - dom where pleas - ures un - chang - ing - ly bloom, And our guide is the glo - ry that shines thro' the

goal, On the ev - er - green mountains of life, Ev - er - green mountains, Ev - er - green mountains of life.
 flows, From the ev - er - green, &c.
 tomb, From the ev - er - green mountains of life, Ev - er - green mountains, Ev - er - green mountains of life.

A BAD COLD. Quartett.

B. S. TAYLOR.
Presented for the "Musical Lyra," by A. M. RANDOLPH

1st Voice. > 2d Voice. >

Now, Mis-ter, first your voice we'll try; Let its e-choes sound out clear and high. Ex-cuse me, sir, I've such a cold, (*hem*) I can-not sing as

1st Voice. > 3d Voice.

I am told. (*hem*) Now *you* may try it, if you please, For *you* can sing with per-fect ease. With such a voice as mine to sing,

1st Voice. >

(*cough.*) It is a most pre-pos-t'rous thing. (*cough.*) Well, now sir, see what *you* can do; Are you trou-bled with the asth-ma too? (*cough.*)

4th Voice.

I'll do the best I can to please. (*Here make a fruitless attempt to sneeze.*) But I may have to stop and sneeze. (*sneeze.*)

CHORUS.

f I have a cold, So we all have a cold, So we all have a cold, So we

and I, So we all have a cold, So we all have a cold, So we

and I. So we all have a cold, So we all have a cold, So we

and I.

all have a cold, So we all have a cold, it seems, cold. (*hem.*) cold, cold. (*hem, cough and sneeze.*)

all have a cold, So we all have a cold, it seems, *hem, hem,* cold. (*hem, cough and sneeze.*)

all have a cold, So we all have a cold, it seems, cold, cold, cold. (*sneeze, hem and cough.*)

cold, cold, cold. (*hem. sneeze, hem and cough.*)

WHAT I LIVE FOR. Quartett.

Music by F. H. PEASE

CON EXPRESSIONE

1. I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true ; For the heav'n that smiles a - bove me, And waits my spir - it too ; For the

2. I live to hold com - mu - nion With all that is di - vine ; To feel there is a u - nion 'Twixt nature's heart and mine : To

3. I live to learn their sto - ry, Who suf - fer'd for my sake ; To em - u - late their glo - ry, And fol - low in their wake :

4. I live to hail that sea - son, By gift - ed minds fore - told, When man shall rule by rea - son, And *not* a - lone by gold ! When

WHAT I LIVE FOR, Concluded.

AD LIB. RITARD.

hu - man ties that bind me, For the task that God as - sign-ed me, For the bright hopes left be - hind me, And the good that I can do.
 prof-it by af - flic - tion, Reap truth from fields of fic - tion, Grow wis - er from con - vic - tion, And ful - fil each grand de - sign.

Bards 7 Patriots 7 Martyrs 7 Sages, The no - ble of all a - ges, Whose deeds crowd history's pa - ges, And Time's great vol - ume make.

man to man u - ni - ted, And ev - 'ry wrong thing right-ed, The whole world shall be light-ed, As E - den was of old.

ff CODA

I live for those who love me, who love me... I live for those who love me, who love me...

ff *pp*

I live for those who love me, who love me... I live for those who love me, who love me...

THE TWO VOICES. Chant.

Words by EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

F. H. P

61

1. In the grey dawn of the eventide, Unto my soul two voi - ces cried ; One like a clarion, wild and high, Swept with a stirring ech - o by ;

2. Not in the twilight hush alone Thrilleth my heart to the trumpet tone. Battling alone in my daily life, If I shrink from the burden or faint in the strife,

One like a bird song far aloft Dropped through the silence low and soft, Clear as the chime of a silver bell, Sweet as a whispered prayer it fell.

Stern as a prophet's voice, it cries " Do the duty that near - est lies." And filling the pauses faintly sweet, Hear I the silver tones re - peat.

Sop. & Alto. CODA.

" Deeds of du - ty and words of love, Live for - ev - er in light a - bove, Live for - ev - er in light a - bove.

Bass & Tenor.

"PEACEFUL ARE THE NIGHT WINDS SIGHING." Four Part Song.

T. WOOD.

DOLCE.

1. Peaceful, peace - ful, peaceful are the night winds sighing, sighing, sighing, sighing, Soft the dew falls, Soft the dew falls on the

*m**pp**ppp**mp**mp**pp*

2. Peaceful, peace - ful, peaceful are the night winds sigh - ing, sigh - ing, Dew like an - gel's, Dew like an - gel's tears dis -

Sighing, sighing,

Ad Libitum.

rose,

To prevent its fragrance dy - ing, While its leaves in slumber close, While its leaves in slum - ber close.

f

tills,

Giv-ing life to flowers dy - ing; Fra - grance to the thirsty hills, Fragrance to the thirst - y hills.

While its leaves in slumber, slumber close.

All is hushed, and nature's sleeping, All is hushed, All is hushed, and na-ture's sleeping, With her eve-ning

pp Legato Dolce.

Hark! the breeze is now ad-vancing, Hark! the breeze, Hark! the breeze is now ad-vanc-ing, Now 'tis past, for-

VIVACE.

man-tle on. But the rills and brooks are leaping, leaping, leap-ing, leaping, To the peaceful night-wind's song.

fp Cres. *p m p* Dim.

ev-er-gone. See the pearly dew-drops dancing, dancing, dancing, dancing, In the sunbeams of the morn.

HOME WHERE ROSES GREW, Continued.

65

eve I'm sitting, Near the hearth-stone where the hemlock burns, Cher - ished forms I see be - fore me flit - ting,
comes be - fore me, And my mother mourns her ab - sent son, Now their parting blessings hov - er o'er me,
watch a - round them, Health and plen - ty ban - ish care and fear, All the joys of hap - py life sur - round them,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

And in fancy's dreams my home re - turns; La, la, la, la, la, la, 'Round the scenes that ten - der childhood knew.
As the flowers blossoms one by one; Time hath proved all their af - fec - tion true.
Blessed and honored be their dwelling here; And calm - ly change the old for new.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, 1. Mem'ry fond delights to lin - ger ev - er; La, la, la, la, la, la, la,
2. Nothing from my heart those ties can sev - er;
3. When the wea - ry toil of life is o - ver;

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

HOME WHERE ROSES GREW. Concluded.

Ad Libitum.

A Tempo.

ff FULL CHORUS.
In time.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Home, my dear old home, Where ros - es grew; O would that we had left thee never,

1. O would that I had left thee nev - er, Home Where ros - es grew;
 2. O would that I had left thee nev - er, Home Where ros - es grew;
 3. O may we meet and find a - noth - er, Home Where ros - es grew;

Home Where ros - es grew; O would that we had left thee nev - er,

ff > Time hath proved that thou wert ev - er true, O may we meet and find an - oth - er Home as dear as that where ros - es grew.

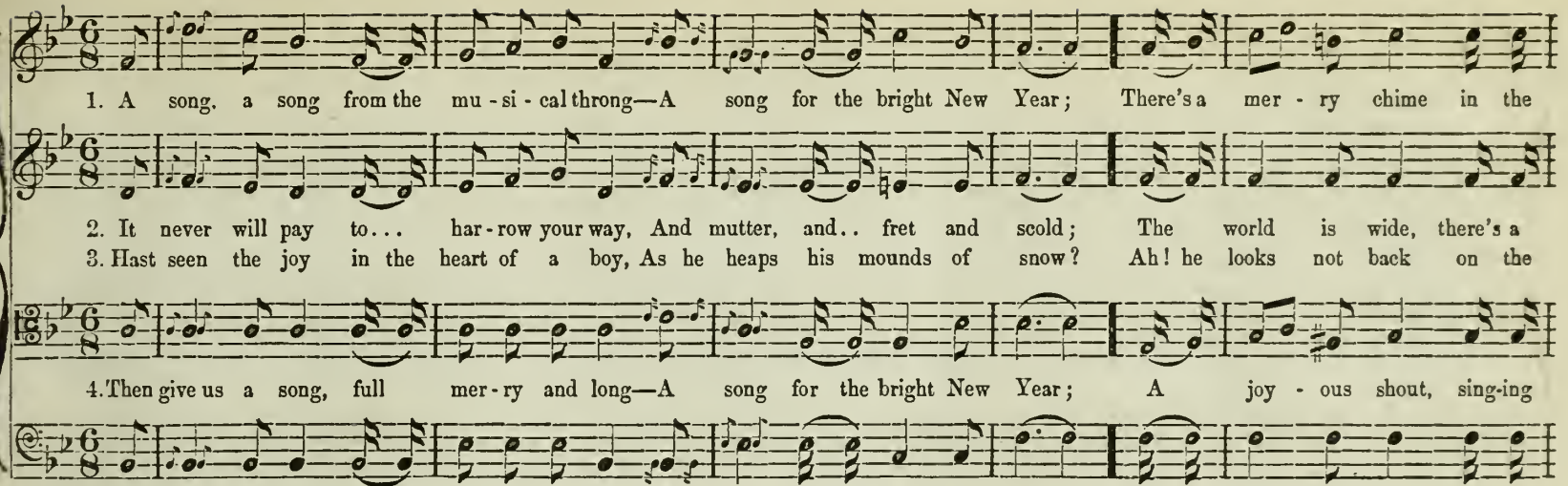
ff > Time hath proved that thou wert ev - er true, O may we meet and find an - oth - er Home as dear as that where ros - es grew.

NEW YEAR'S SONG.

67

Words by Miss L. R. DREW.

Music by GEORGE N. ALLEN.

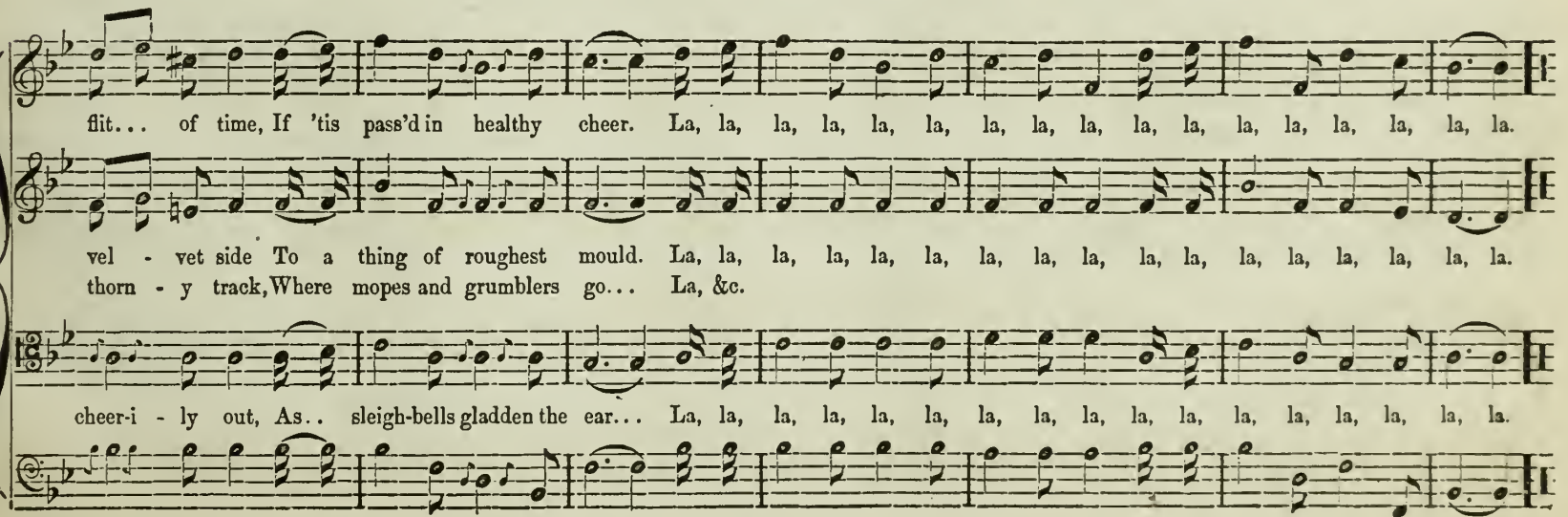


1. A song, a song from the mu-si-cal throng—A song for the bright New Year; There's a mer-ry chime in the

2. It never will pay to... har-row your way, And mutter, and.. fret and scold; The world is wide, there's a

3. Hast seen the joy in the heart of a boy, As he heaps his mounds of snow? Ah! he looks not back on the

4. Then give us a song, full mer-ry and long—A song for the bright New Year; A joy-ous shout, singing



flit... of time, If 'tis pass'd in healthy cheer. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

vel - vet side To a thing of roughest mould. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

thorn - y track, Where mopes and grumblers go... La, &c.

cheer-i - ly out, As... sleigh-bells gladden the ear... La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

f *Rall.*

Where the rock a shad-ow cool, Throws up - on its peb - bled bed, Gathering round the li - ly's head Of its fragrance sip.

Whirling with the laughing rill, Glid - ing down the sha - ded hill, Glid - ing by the ru - ined mill, On - ward, onward keep.

Now the swelling o - cean flow Joins the cho - rus, and we sweep Where the fa - bled mer-maids sleep, 'Neath the float - ing weed.

f

VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT - LAND.

Words by JOHN S. ADAMS.

Dolce e Espress.

1. In the si - lence of the mid - night, When the cares of day are o'er, In my soul I hear the voi - ces Of the loved ones gone be - fore,

2. In my wanderings oft there com - eth Sudden still-ness to my soul, When a-round, above, within it, Rapturous joys unnum - bered roll,

3. Loved ones who have gone be - fore me Whisper words of peace, of joy ; Those who long since have de-part-ed, Tell me their di - vine em - ploy,

VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT - LAND, Concluded.

And they words of comfort whispering, Say they'll watch on every hand; And my soul is cheered by hearing Voices from the spirit -

Tho' around me all is tumult, Noise and strife on every hand; Yet within my soul I list to

Is to watch and guard my footsteps, O it is an angel band; And I love, I love to list to Voices from the spirit -

land; Voices from the spir-it - land, Voices from the spir - it - land.

land; Voices from the spir-it-land, Voices from the spir - it - land.

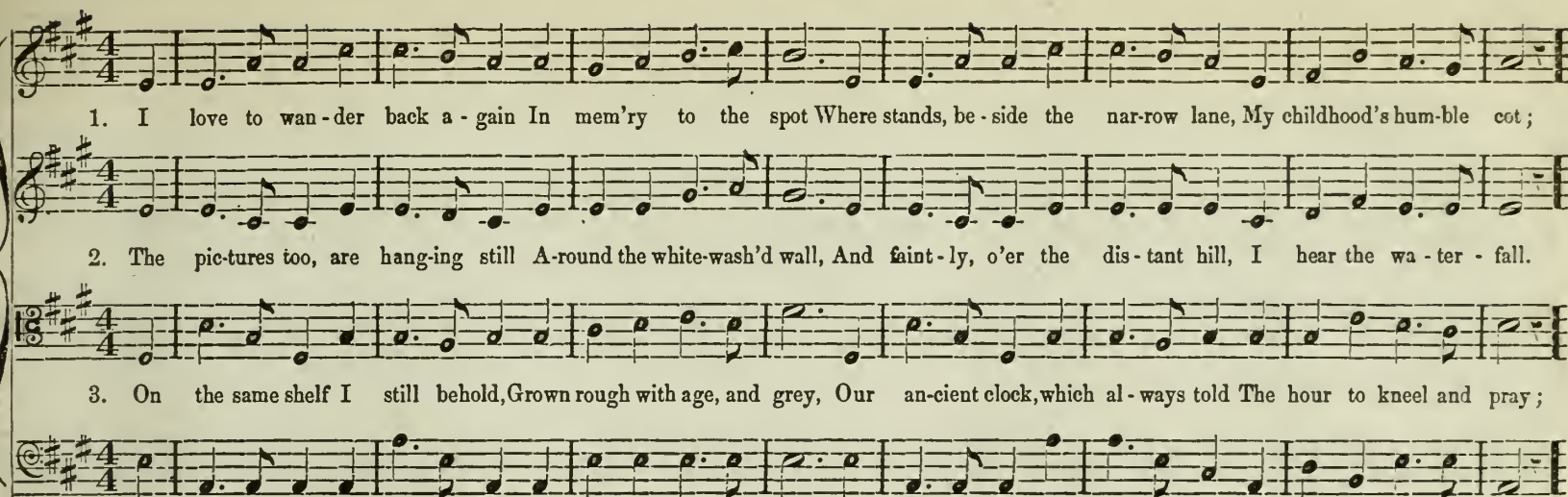
land; Voices from the spir - it - land, Voices from the spir - it - land.

Voces from the spir it - - land, Voces from the spir - it - land.

MEMORIES OF HOME. (Four Part Song.)

E. A. PERKINS.
Written for the "Musical Lyra."

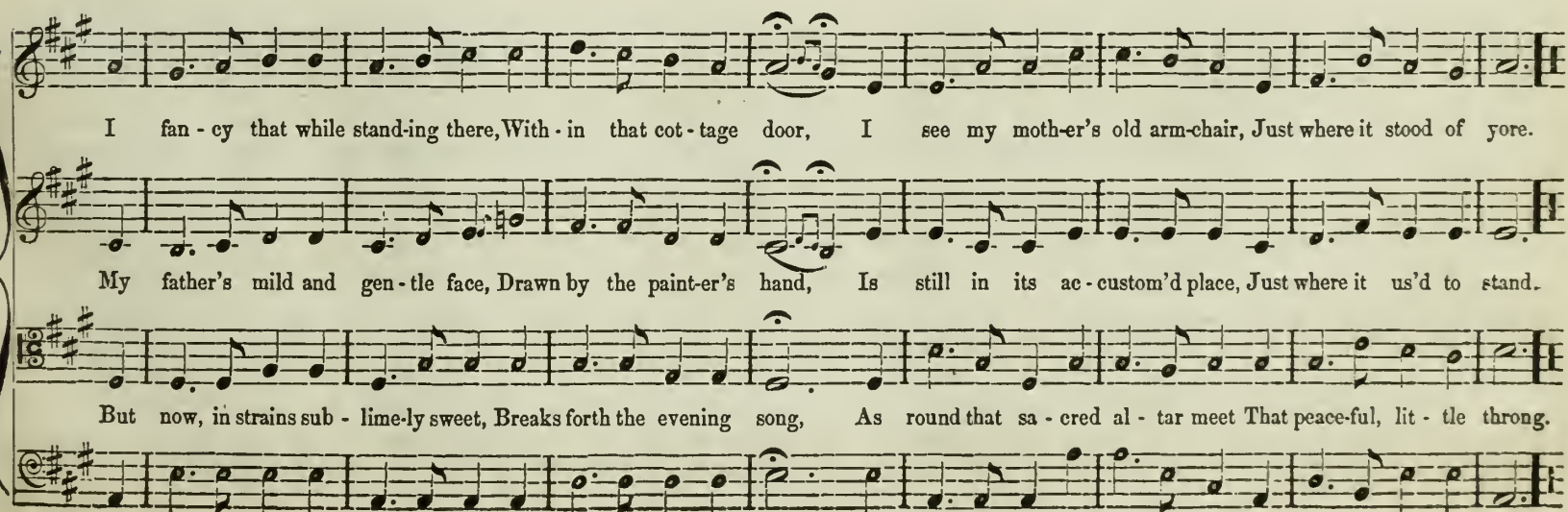
71



1. I love to wan-der back a - gain In mem'ry to the spot Where stands, be - side the nar-row lane, My childhood's hum-ble cot ;

2. The pic-tures too, are hang-ing still A-round the white-wash'd wall, And faint-ly, o'er the dis-tant hill, I hear the wa-ter - fall.

3. On the same shelf I still behold, Grown rough with age, and grey, Our an-cient clock, which al-ways told The hour to kneel and pray ;

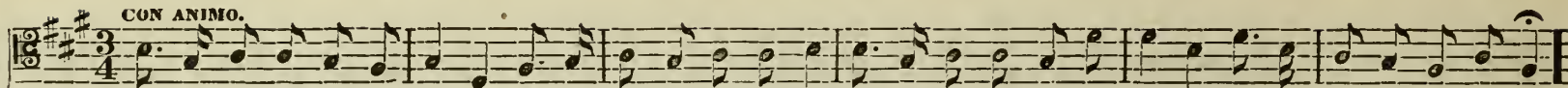


I fan-cy that while stand-ing there, With-in that cot-tage door, I see my moth-er's old arm-chair, Just where it stood of yore.

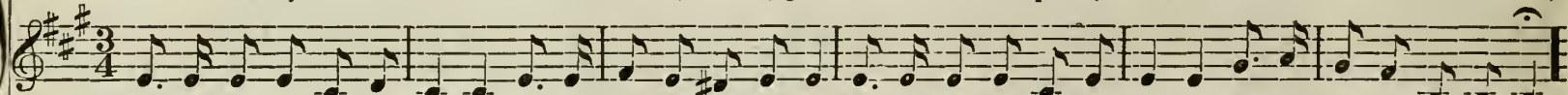
My father's mild and gen-tle face, Drawn by the paint-er's hand, Is still in its ac-custom'd place, Just where it us'd to stand.

But now, in strains sub-lime-ly sweet, Breaks forth the evening song, As round that sa-cred al-tar meet That peace-ful, lit-tle throng.

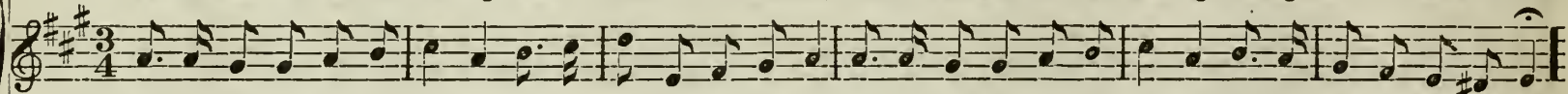
CON ANIMO.



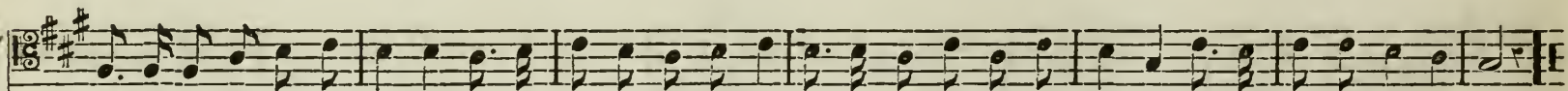
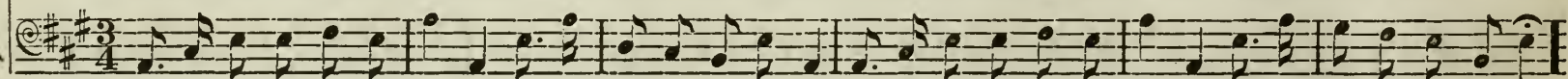
1. Ev-'ry mor-tal has his mis-sion, In this world of ac-tive strife, Whether in a high po-si-tion, Or a low-ly walk in life;
2. Life's a bark up-on the o-cean, Toss'd and rock'd by ev-'ry gale; Now seuds on with spee-dy mo-tion, Now with rent and tat-ter'd sail;



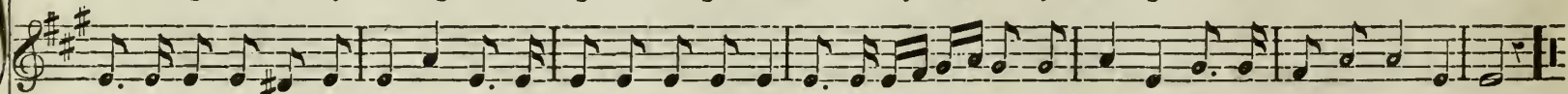
3. Life's the chord of sil-ver, bind-ing Man in con-tact with his kind; Death is but that band un-wind-ing, Set-ting free the earth-bound mind.



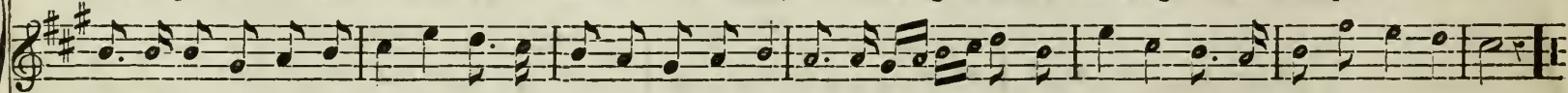
4. Life's the day and deed of ac-tion, Death the rest, the time of night; He, who works with sat-is-fac-tion, Works while yet the hour is light.



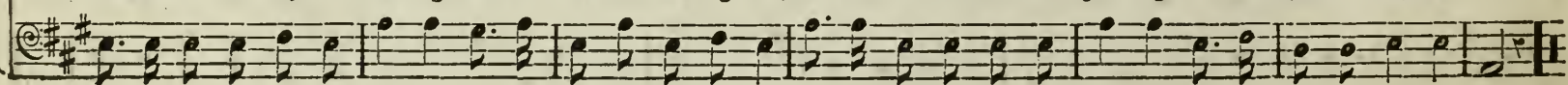
He it is, who now ful-fill-ing Ev-'ry du-ty, day by day, Shows the mind and spir-it will-ing To per-form its on-ward way.
Life's a bright and sun-ny morning, With some light, refreshing show'rs, Fol-low'd by dark, cloud-y warn-ing Of the storm that o'er us low'rs.



Life's the pitch-er of the fountain, Where im-mor-tal rills descend; 'Tis the fra-gile wheel sur-mount-ing Cis-tern, where pure wa-ters blend.



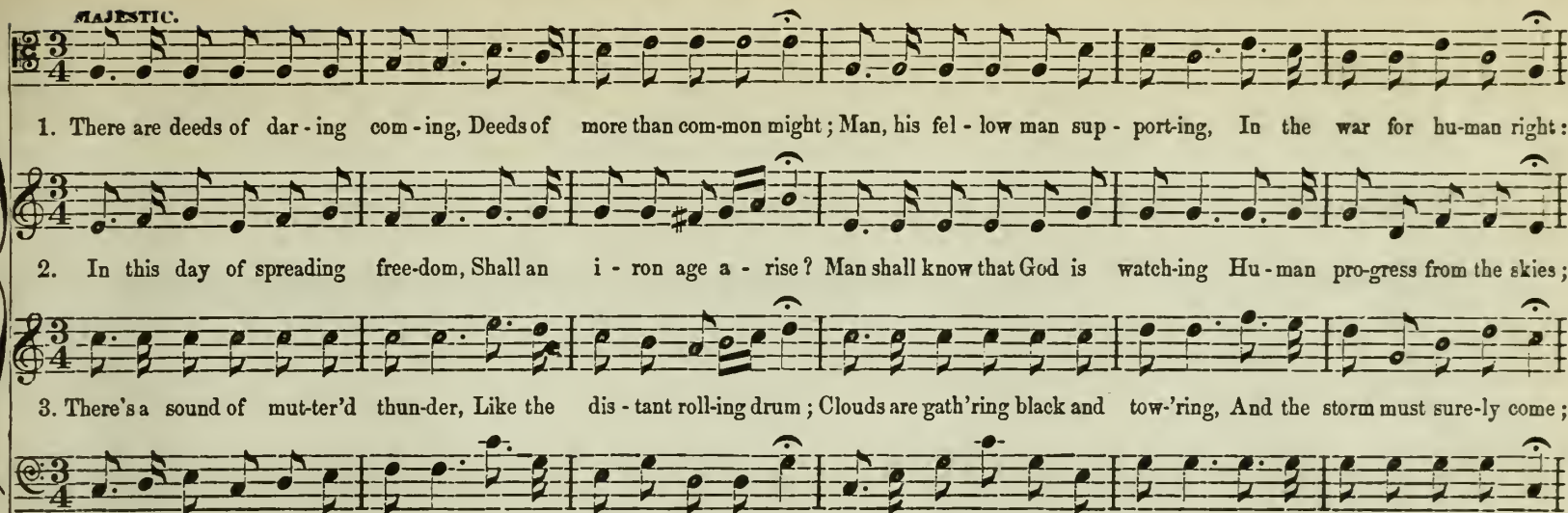
Forward then! the day is wan-ing, Westward sinks the set-ting sun; On-ward! on! with-out com-plain-ing, Work, while yet it may be done.



COMING TIME. A Prophetic Hymn.

T. WOOD.
As Sung by Amphions, & Home-Circle Quartett. 73

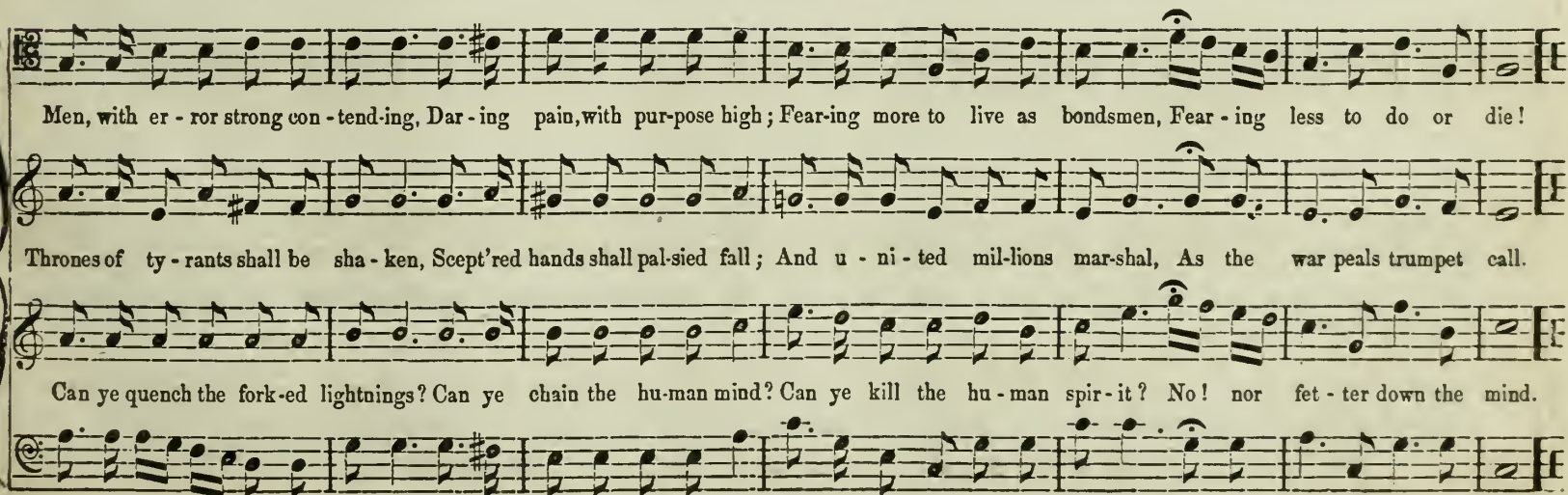
MAJESTIC.



1. There are deeds of dar - ing com - ing, Deeds of more than com - mon might ; Man, his fel - low man sup - port - ing, In the war for hu - man right :

2. In this day of spreading free - dom, Shall an i - ron age a - rise ? Man shall know that God is watch - ing Hu - man pro - gress from the skies ;

3. There's a sound of mut - ter'd thun - der, Like the dis - tant roll - ing drum ; Clouds are gath'ring black and tow'ring, And the storm must sure - ly come ;



Men, with er - ror strong con - tend - ing, Dar - ing pain, with pur - pose high ; Fear - ing more to live as bondsmen, Fear - ing less to do or die !

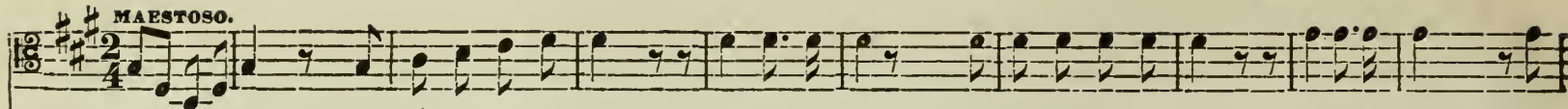
Thrones of ty - rants shall be sha - ken, Scept' red hands shall pal - sied fall ; And u - ni - ted mil - lions mar - shal, As the war peals trumpet call.

Can ye quench the fork - ed lightnings ? Can ye chain the hu - man mind ? Can ye kill the hu - man spir - it ? No ! nor fet - ter down the mind.

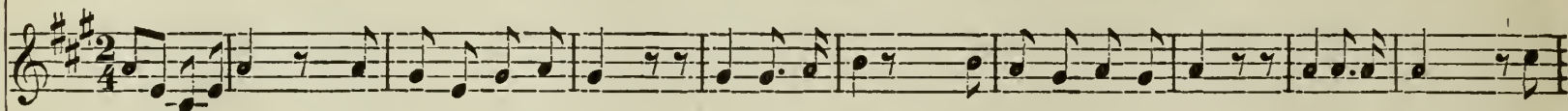
OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

T. WOOD.

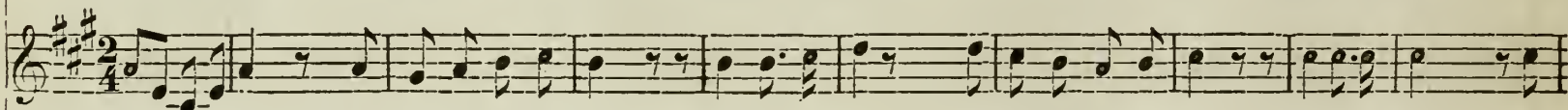
MAESTOSO.



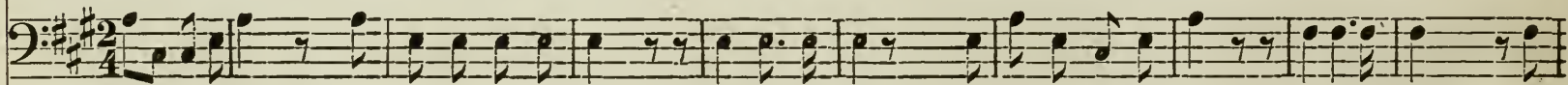
1. Raise high the flag! wher - e'er its col - ors glow; Science and trade, im - pel the bu - sy prow, Banner of fame! by



2. Raise high the flag! be - neath it's sheltering fold; Live un - im - paired, the lib - er - ties of old; Long may they last, and

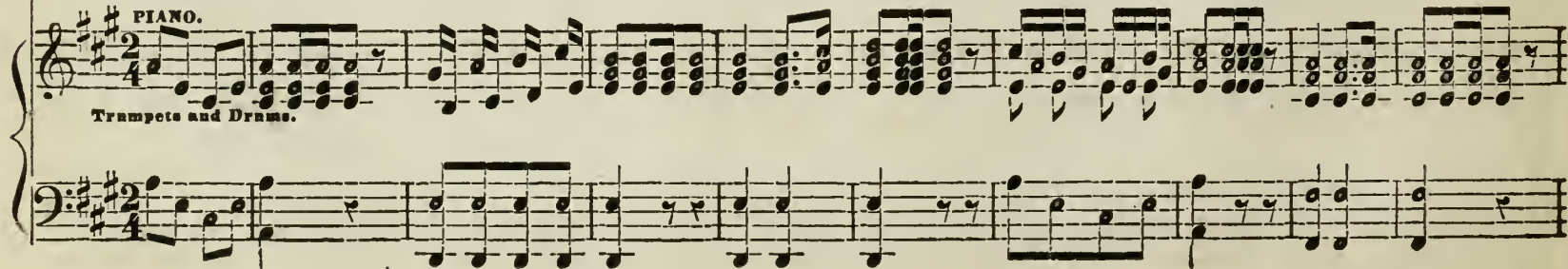


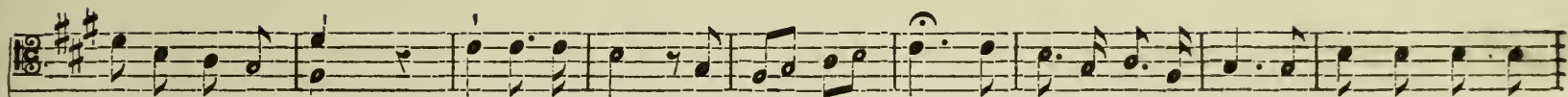
3. Raise high the flag! the standard of the right; Pride of our land, and sym - bol of our might; Long may it wave, on



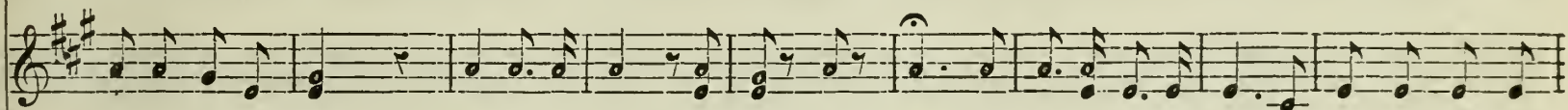
PIANO.

Trumpets and Drums.

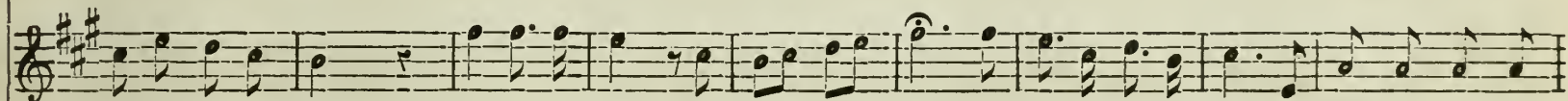




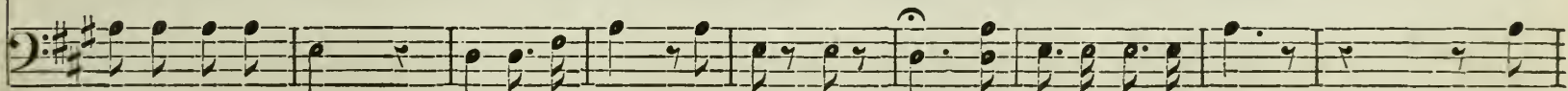
gal-lant hands unfurled; Shouts of ac-claim, rise at its name, The watchword of the world; The watchword of the



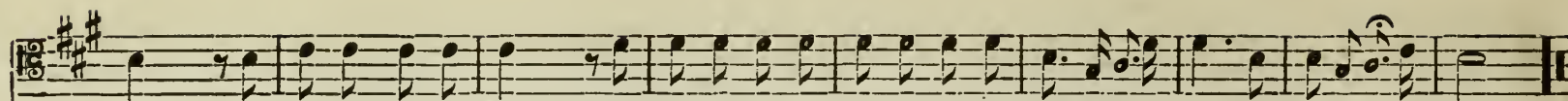
proudly may they stand; Strong to the blast, still un-sur-passed, The glo-ry of the land, The glo-ry of the



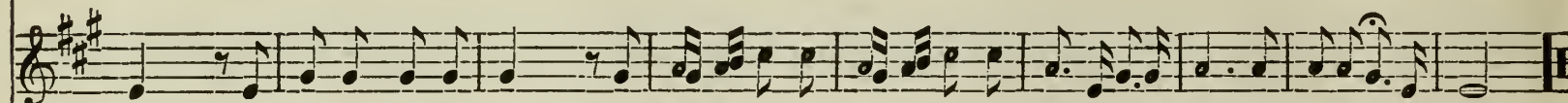
eve-ry subject sea; Friend of the brave, light to the slave, And guardian of the free, And guardian of the



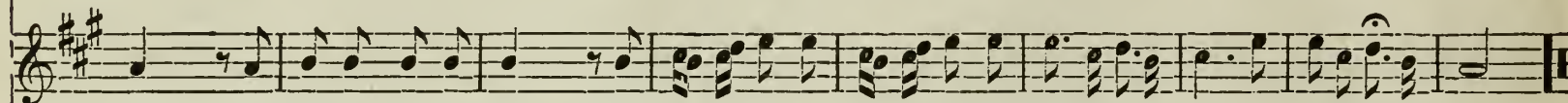
OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG, Concluded.



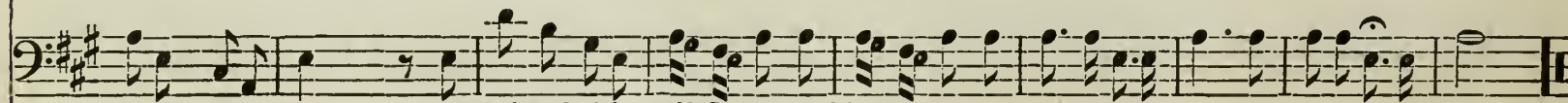
world, The watchword of the world, Shouts of acclaim rise at its name, The watchword of the world, The watchword of the world.



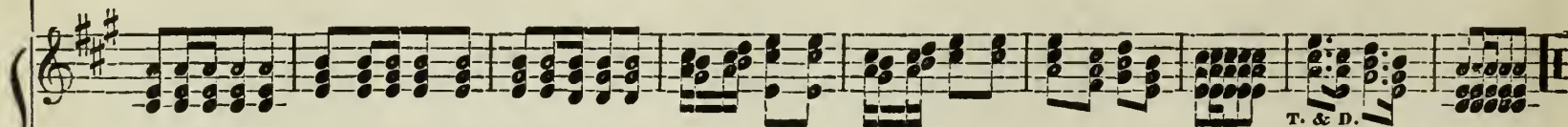
land, The glo - ry of the land, Strong to the blast still unsurpassed The glo - ry of the land, The glory of the land.



free, And guardian of the free, Friend of the brave, light to the slave, And guardian of the free, And guardian of the free.



The watchword of the world, Shouts of acclaim its name.



T. & D.



T. & D.

MUSICAL TEA-KETTLE.

Words by CLARA ELIZABETH.

Music by F. H. PEASE.

77

1. The farm - er sat near the o - pen door, At the closing hour of day ; His good old wife at the oven stood, While the tea-kettle hummed away.

2. A pleas - ant song the tea - ket - tle sung, For a *grate* musician was he ; A *range* had his voice you seldom find, Tho' he never went up to T.

3. A *soot* - able dress he al - ways wore, Tho' his hair was *iron* grey ; Tho' his nose was broke, his *hand*-le gone, And dreams of his youth past away.

4. High-ly e-*steam*-ed this tea - kettle was, For he never, never'd pout ; Tho' he stayed at home, from year to year When even *the fire* went out.

5. His eve - ning song ran something like this, "I am broken and worn old ; O *would* you but shed one tear for me, Your *ashes* I ne'er shall behold."

6. His words prove true, As the blaze rose high, *Two pieces* he went right away, While the farm - er in his arm-chair dozed, At the closing hour of day.

* M..... Thus the kettle hummed away, M..... M..... M.....

M..... Thus the kettle hummed away. M..... M..... M.....

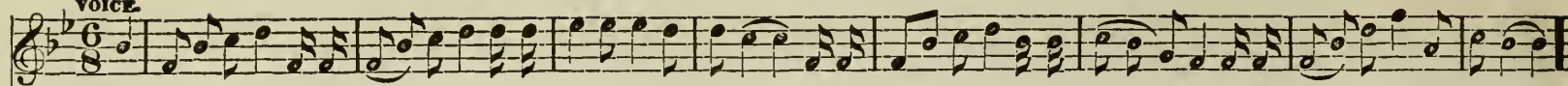
M..... Thus the kettle hummed away. M..... M.....

* The letter *M*, should be sung to this part. with closed lips, in a *humming* manner.

CHRISTMAS GLEE.

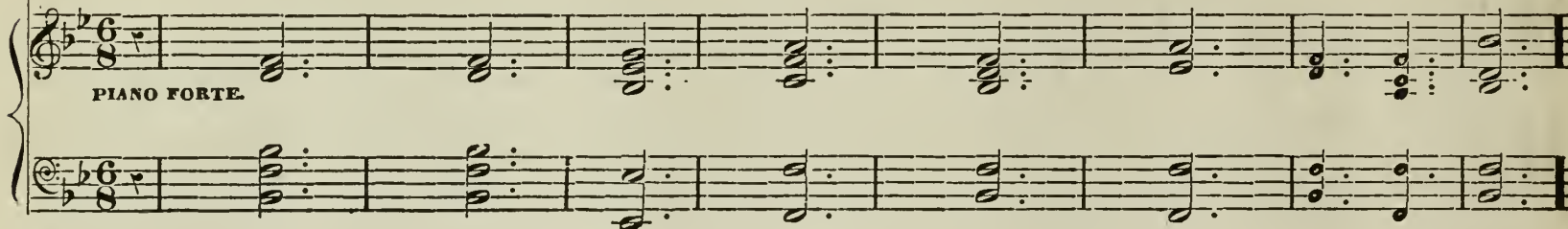
For "Musical Lyra,"
By J. H. PIXLEY.

VOICE.

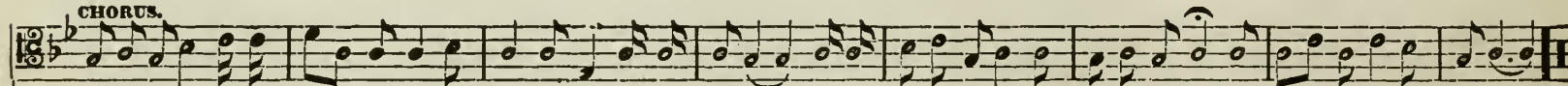


I'll speed on my way at the close of day with my Christmas presents laden, Ere the smoke wreaths rise 'neath the dawning skies, Many cheerful hearts I'll gladden.

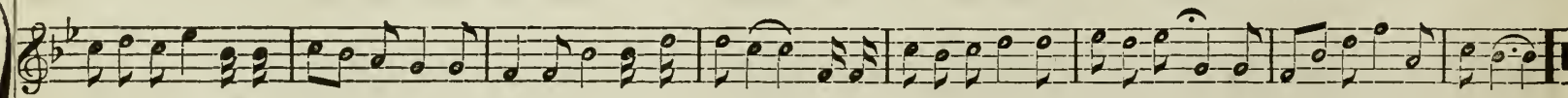
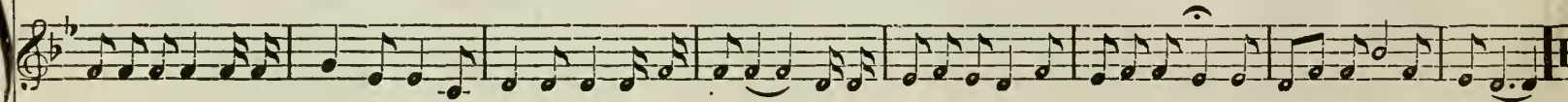
PIANO FORTE.



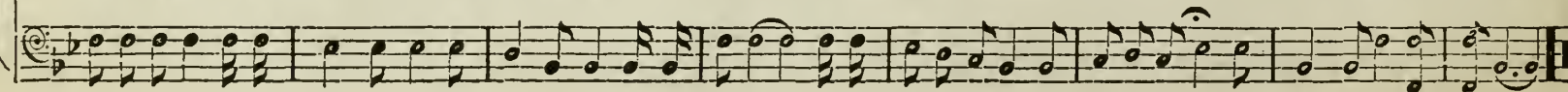
CHORUS.



Then I'll away till a gold - en ray Lights up the dawn of the morrow, For my presents from far, will from all de-bar The blows of care and sor - row.



Then I'll away till a gold - en ray Lights up the dawn of the morrow, For my presents from far, will from all debar The blows of care and sor - row.



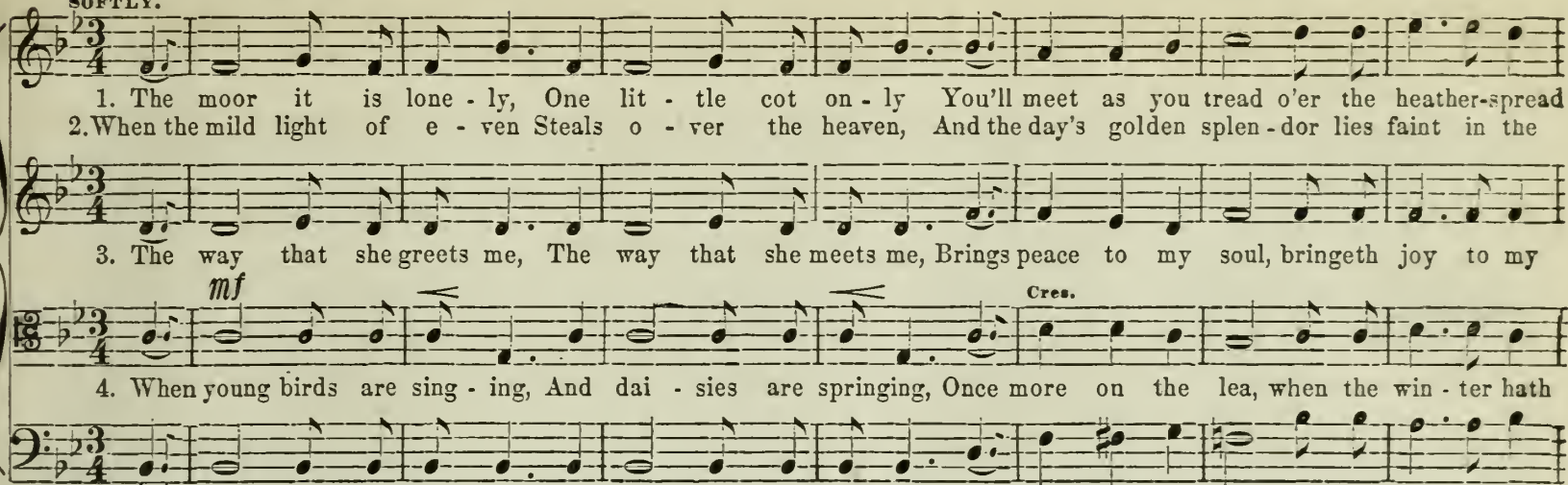
THE COT ON THE MOOR. Fireside Song.

79

Words by ELLEN A. MORIARTY.

Composed for this book, by WM. U. BUTCHER.

SOFTLY.



1. The moor it is lone - ly, One lit - tle cot on - ly You'll meet as you tread o'er the heather-spread
2. When the mild light of e - ven Steals o - ver the heaven, And the day's golden splen - dor lies faint in the
3. The way that she greets me, The way that she meets me, Brings peace to my soul, bringeth joy to my
4. When young birds are sing - ing, And dai - sies are springing, Once more on the lea, when the win - ter hath



way; The winds whispers to it, And lov - ing - ly woo it, And the sunbeams love well round that cot to de - lay.
west, I cross o'er the meadow, All lost in the shadow To the cot on the moor, and the maid I love best.
heart; For those eyes smile upon me, The blue eyes that won me, To love with a love that shall nev - er de - part.
flown, The sweet promise claiming, She blushed so in naming, To my heart will I take her, my i - dol, my own.

MINNIE MYRTLE.

Poetry by S. DYER.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

SOFT AND PLAINTIVE.

1. We smooth'd down the locks of her soft gold-en hair, And
2. She sleeps 'neath the spot she had mark'd for re- pose, Where the
3. The wide - spreading boughs of the old ches- nut-tree Bend
4. A - lone, where the brook mur-murs soft on the air, She

fold - ed her arms on her breast; And laid her, at eve, in the val - ley so fair, 'Mid the blos-soms of sum-mer to rest.
 flow - ers first blos - som in spring; And the zeph - yrs breathe the per - fume of the rose, And the birds come at ev'ning to sing.
 low o'er the place where she lies; There the eve's pur-ple beams lon- gest glow on the rose, And the moon drinks the dew's as they rise.
 sleeps with the turf on her breast, As we laid her, at eve, in the val - ley so fair, 'Mid the blos-soms of sum-mer to rest.

MINNIE MYRTLE, Concluded.

81

CHORUS.
SOFT AND SLOW.

Oh rest, Minnie, rest, No care can as - sail; For green grows the turf O'er the tear-moisten'd grave Of the fair - est flow-er of..... the vale.

Oh rest, Minnie, rest, No care can as - sail; For green grows the turf O'er the tear-moisten'd grave Of the fair - est flow-er of..... the vale.

EIGHTY YEARS AGO. Quartett, or Semi-Chorus.

83

Words by CHARLES SPRAGUE.

(To the "CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.")

Music by Wm. U. BUTCHER.

MAESTOSO.

Cres.

1. Eighty years have roll'd a - way, Since that high, he-ro-ic day, When our fa - thers in the fray Struck the conq'ring blow! Praise to them,

2. Pour the wine of sac - ri - fice, Let the grateful an - them rise; Shall we e'er re-sign the prize? Nev - er, nev - er, no! Hearts and hands

3. Swear it! by the mighty dead! Those who counsel'd, those who led; By the blood your fathers shed, By your mothers' woe! Swear it, by

4. By the joys that clus - ter 'round, By our vales with plenty crown'd; By our hill-tops, ho - ly ground, Rescued from the foe: Where of old

5. Should a - gain the trumpet peal, Then shall Indian firmness seal Pil - grin faith and Patriot zeal, Prompt to strike the blow; Then shall val-

DISTINCT.

the bold, who spoke, Praise to them, the *brave*, who broke Stern oppression's galling yoke. . . . Eighty, Eighty years a - go! Eighty years a - go!

shall guard those rights, Bought on freedom's battle heights, When he fix'd his signal - lights! . . . Eighty, Eighty years a - go! Eighty years a - go!

the liv - ing few, Those whose breasts were scarr'd for you, When to freedom's ranks they flew. . . .

the Indian stray'd, Where of old the pilgrims pray'd, Where the patriot drew his blade, or's work be done; Like the sire shall be the son, When the fight was wag'd and won

Eighty, Eighty years a - go! Eighty years a - go!

"AWAY WE GO." Song of the Sea.

Music by F. H. PEASE.

1st time, *pp.* 2d time, *ff.*

A - way, a - way, a - way we go, Al-though the wind may fiercely blow, We will not heed the tempest's roar, As in our boat we

1st time, *pp.* 2d time, *ff.*

A - way, a - way, a - way we go, Al-though the wind may fiercely blow, We will not heed the tempest's roar, As in our boat we

1st time. 2d time. *p*

leave the shore, A - leave the shore. O how we, we love the, the deep, deep sea, And on its, its waves, we love to be.

p

f *p*

leave the shore, A - leave the shore. O how we, we love the, the deep, deep sea, And on its, its waves, we love to be.

1st time. 2d time. *f* LEGATO. 3

O how I love the deep, deep sea, And on its waves I love to be.

TENUTO. mp *SCHERZANDO. m*

Then when the, the sea is, is lull'd to rest, Our boat will glide o'er its foam-y crest. Now light-ly skips the boat a-long, The

mp *m*

Then when the, the sea is, is lull'd to rest, Our boat will glide o'er its foam-y, its foamy crest. Now lightly skips the boat a-long, The

mp *m*

Then when the sea is lull'd to rest, Our boat will glide o'er its foam-y, its foamy crest.

Cres. f f ff m

while we sing this mer-ry song. Te - he - o, he - o, he - o. What care we tho' winds may blow, We're safe from storm and ev'ry foe.

m

Te - ho - e, ho - e, Te - ho, Te - ho.

Cres. f f m

while we sing this mer-ry song. Te - ho - e, Te - ho - e - o he - o. What care we tho' winds may blow, We're safe from storm and ev'ry foe.

m

Te - ho, Te - ho, Te - ho, Te - ho.

p STACCATO.

Hark! what the an - gry bil - lows say, In wild com - mo - tion, white with spray, "What's more sublime than thee, oh sea!" A - way, we are the

p *Cres.* *ff*

Hark! what the an - gry bil - lows say, In wild com - mo - tion, white with spray, "What's more sublime than thee, oh sea?" A - way, we are the

p

ff *mf*

free..... Lightly row, Gai-ly sing, See, our boat is on the wing, Breezes blow, Fresh and free, O-ver the waves of the dark blue sea.

free, the free..... *p*

free, the free..... Lightly row, Gai-ly sing, See, our boat is on the wing, Breezes blow, Fresh and free, O-ver the waves of the dark blue sea.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG. Trio, Solo and Chorus.

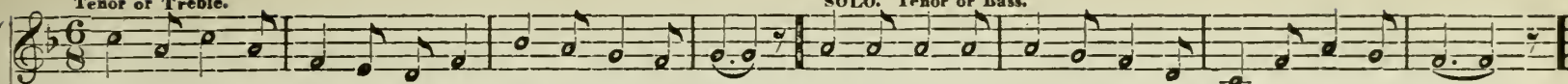
T. WOOD.

87

TO JOHN O. COLE, ESQ., OF ALBANY, N. Y.

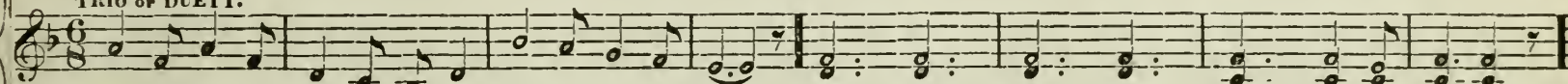
Tenor or Treble.

SOLO. Tenor or Bass.

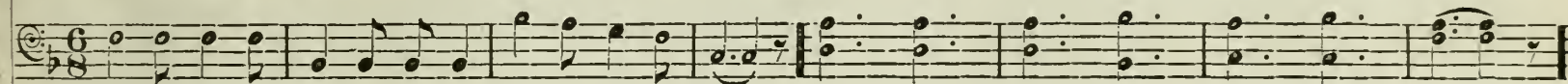


1. Whither, pilgrims are you go - ing, Each with staff in band? We are go - ing on a journey At the king's com-mand.
2. Fear ye not the way so lone-ly, You, a fee - ble band? No, for friends un-seen are near us, An-gels round us stand.

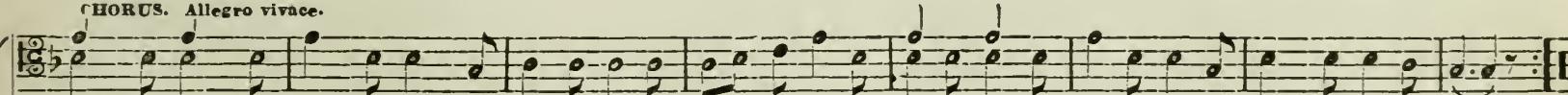
TRIO or DUETT.



3. Tell me, pilgrims what you hope for, In the bet - ter land. Spotless robes and crowns of glo - ry, From a Saviour's hand.
4. Will you let us trav - el with you To that bet - ter land? Come a - way, we bid you welcome, To our lit - tle band.



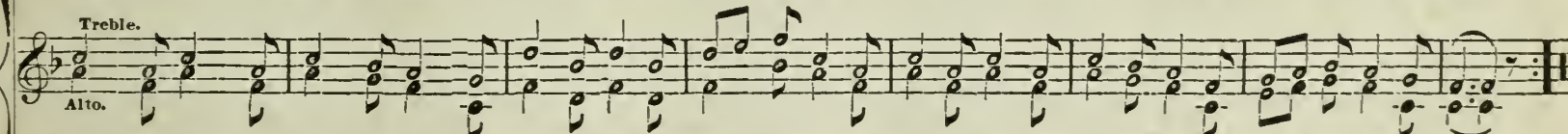
CHORUS. Allegro vivace.



Tenor.

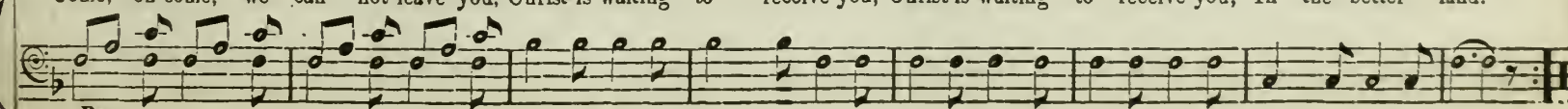
O - ver plains, and hills, and val - leys, We are go - ing to his palace, We are go - ing to his palace In the better land.
Christ our lead - er walks be - side us, He will guard and he will guide us, He will guard and he will guide us To the better land.

Treble.



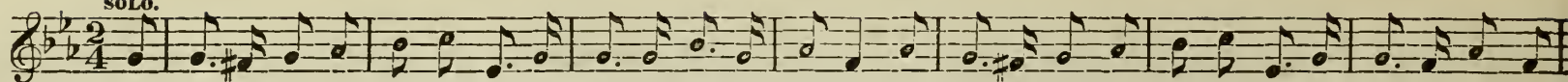
Alto.

We shall drink of Life's clear riv - er, We shall dwell with God for-ev - er, We shall dwell with God forev-er, In the better land.
Come, oh come, we can - not leave you, Christ is waiting to receive you, Christ is waiting to receive you, In the better land.

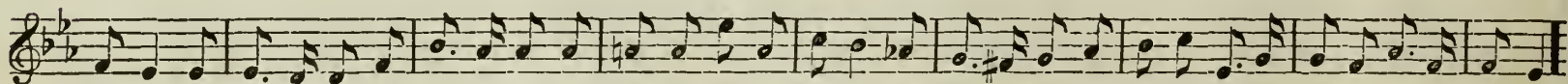


Bass.

SOLO.

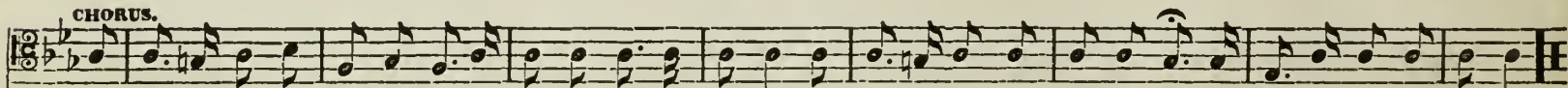


1. A les - son in it - self sublime, A les - son worth en - shrining ; Is this—" I take no heed of time, Save when the sun is
2. There is no grove on earth's round chart But has some bird to cheer it ; So hope sings on in eve - ry heart, Although we may not
3. We bid the joy - ous moments haste, And then for - get their glit - ter ; We take the cup of life and taste No por - tion but the
4. The darkest shadows of the night Are just be - fore the morning ; Then let us wait the com - ing light, All bod - ing phantoms



sbining," These motto words a di - al bore, And wisdom nev - er teaches, To hu - man hearts a better lore Than this short sentence preaches.
 hear it ; And if to - day the bea - vy wing Of sor - row is op - pressing, Perchance tomorrow's sun will bring The weary heart a blessing.
 bit - ter : But we should teach our hearts to deem Its sweetest drops the strongest ; And pleasant hours shall ever seem To lin - ger round us longest.
 scorning, And while we're passing on the tide Of time's fast ebbing riv - er, Let's pluck the blossoms by its side, And bless the glorious giv - er.

CHORUS.

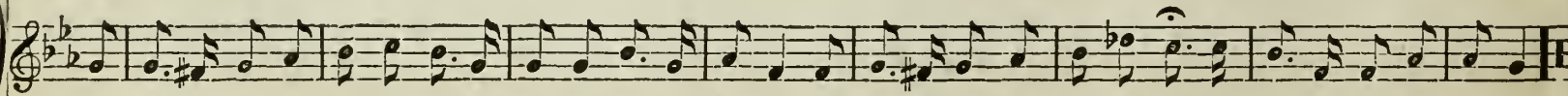


As life is sometimes bright and fair, And sometimes dark and lone - ly, Let us for - get its pain and care, And note its bright hours on - ly.

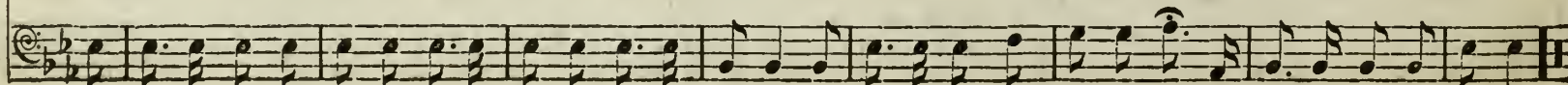


mp

Cres.



As life is sometimes bright and fair, And sometimes dark and lone - ly, Let us for - get its pain and care, And note its bright hours on - ly.

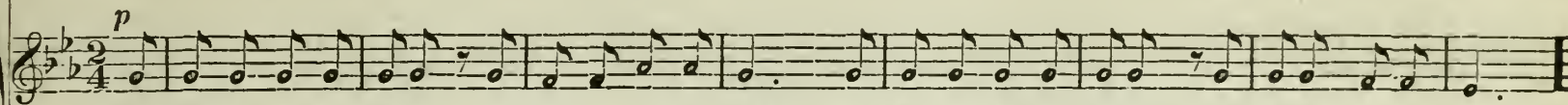
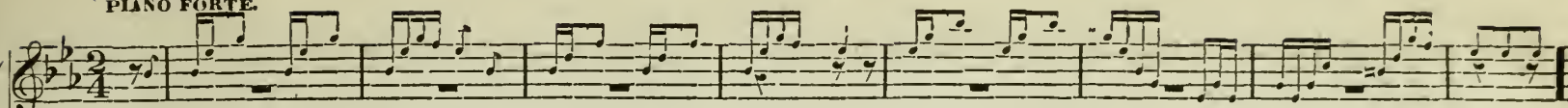


"TRIP LIGHTLY OVER TROUBLE."

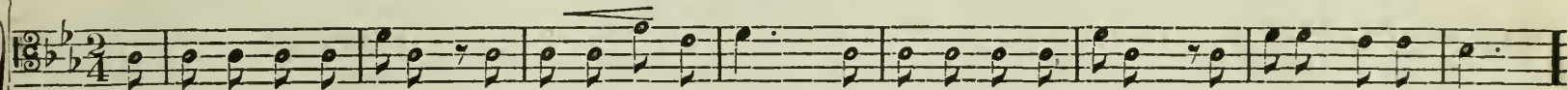
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Music by F. H. P.

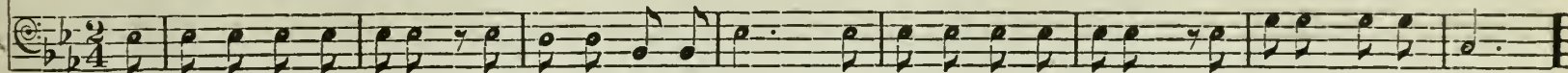
ALLEGRETTO.
PIANO FORTE.



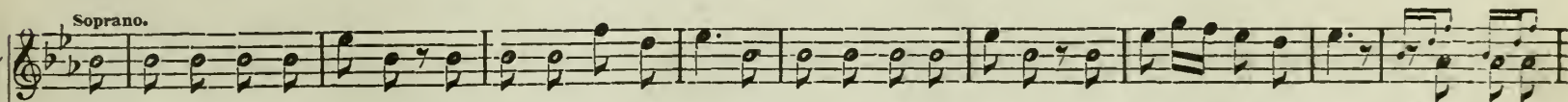
1. Trip lightly o - ver trouble, Trip lightly o - ver wrong; We on - ly make grief double By dwelling on it long



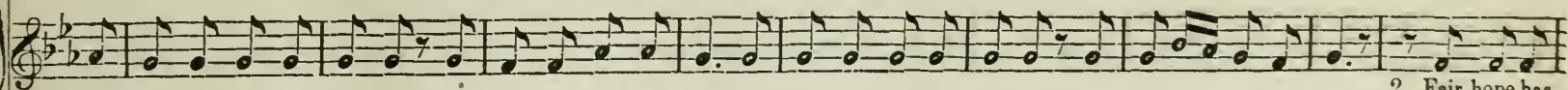
2. Trip lightly o - ver sorrow, Tho' this day may be dark, The sun may shine to - morrow, And gaily sing the lark.



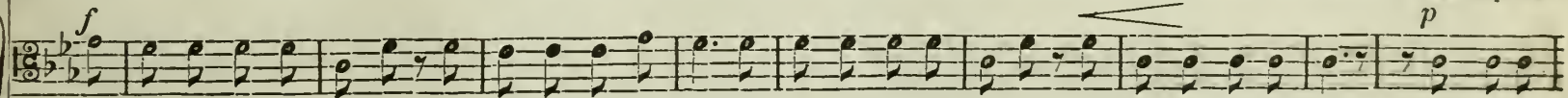
Soprano.



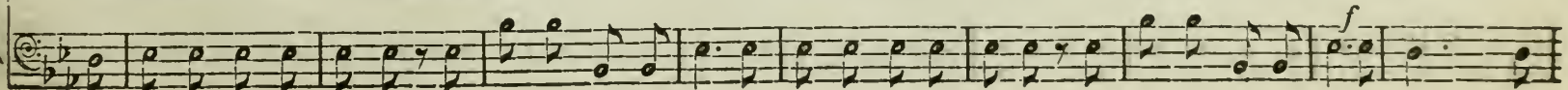
Trip light-ly o - ver trouble, Trip light-ly o - ver wrong; We on - ly make grief double, By dwelling on it long; Why clasp woe's



2. Fair hope has



Trip light-ly o - ver sor - row, Tho' this day may be dark, The sun may shine to - morrow, And gai - ly sing the lark, Fair hope has



"TRIP LIGHTLY OVER TROUBLE." Continued.

form so tight - ly? Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?..... Why cling to things unsightly? Why not seek joy in -

Cres. f
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?.....

not de - part - ed, Though ros - es may have fled—..... Then nev - er be down-hearted, But look for joy in -

stead? Trip lightly o - ver trouble, Trip lightly - o - ver wrong; We only make grief double, By dwelling on it long; Trip lightly, trip

mf

stead; Trip lightly o - ver sorrow, Tho' this day may be dark, The sun may shine to - morrow, And gai - ly sing the lark, Trip lightly,

f

lightly, Trip lightly, Trip lightly, Trip lightly o - ver trouble, Trip lightly o - ver wrong, We on - ly make grief double, By

Trip lightly, Trip lightly, lightly,

f Trip lightly, lightly o - ver trouble, &c.

ff

Trip lightly, Trip lightly lightly o - ver sorrow, &c.

Trip lightly, Trip lightly, lightly, Trip lightly o - ver sorrow, Tho' this day may be dark, The sun may shine to-morrow And

Cres - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do.* *ff*

dwelling on it long, By dwelling on it long, By dwelling on it long, By dwelling on it long, By dwelling on it long.

2. And gai - ly sing the lark, And gai - ly sing the lark.

gai - ly sing the lark, 1. By dwelling on it long, By dwelling on it long, By dwelling on it long.

2. And gai - ly sing the lark, And gai - ly sing the lark, And gai - ly sing the lark.

"SUMMER COMES WITH FAIRY MEASURES." Glee.

Words by J. V. GREENE.

F. H. P.

CON SPIRITO.

1. Summer comes with fai - ry measures, Tripping blithely o'er the earth; Lavish of her golden treasures, Gentle zephyrs hail her

2. Trips she like a nymph of gladness, O'er bespangled hill and dale, Driving hence stern black browed sadness, Breathing joy upon the birth, Chant the lit - tle birds to greet her, From their homes among the trees, Bud - ding ros - es blush - ing meet her

gale, Chant the lit - tle birds to greet her, From their homes among the trees, Budding ros - es blushing meet her, Gaily

3 FINE. **TUTTI. D.C. AL FINE.**

Gaily hum the tin - y bees. Of the merry rippling tide.

TRIO.

And the glorious golden wavings Of the grain fields in their pride, Making music As the lavings Of the merry rippling tide.

3 **TUTTI. D.C. AL FINE.**

hum the tin - y bees. And the glorious golden wavings Of the grain fields in their pride, Making music As the lavings Of the merry rippling tide.

"SLEEP, GENTLE LADY." Serenade.

Composed by WM. U. BUTCHER.

mp GENTLY.

Sleep, gentle la - dy, the flowers are closing, The ver - y winds and waves re - pos - - - ing.

Sleep, gentle la - dy, the flowers are closing, The ver - y winds and waves re - pos - ing.

"SLEEP, GENTLE LADY." Concluded.

mf

O, may our soft and soothing numbers, Wrap thee in sweeter, soft-er slumbers,

Wrap..... thee in sweeter, soft-er slumbers,

O,..... may our soft and soothing numbers, Wrap thee in sweeter, soft-er slumbers.

p *pp* *pp*

Peace be a-round thee, la-dy, bright, Sleep while we sing good night, good night, good..... night, good night.

Peace be a-round thee, la-dy, bright, good night, good night, good night, good night.

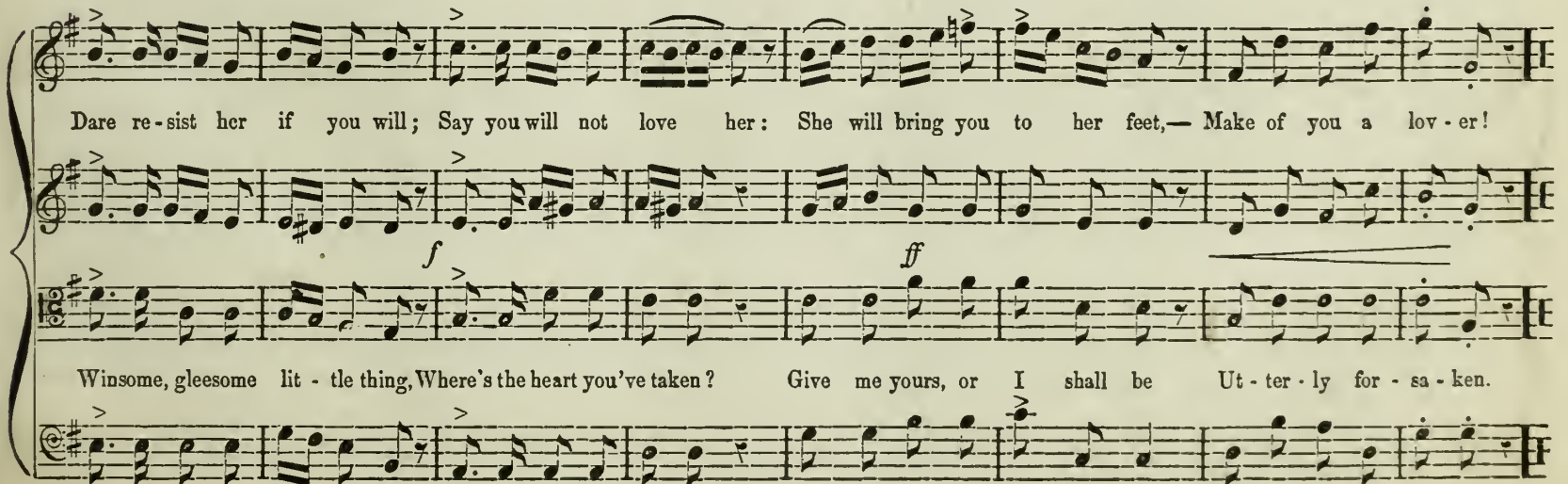
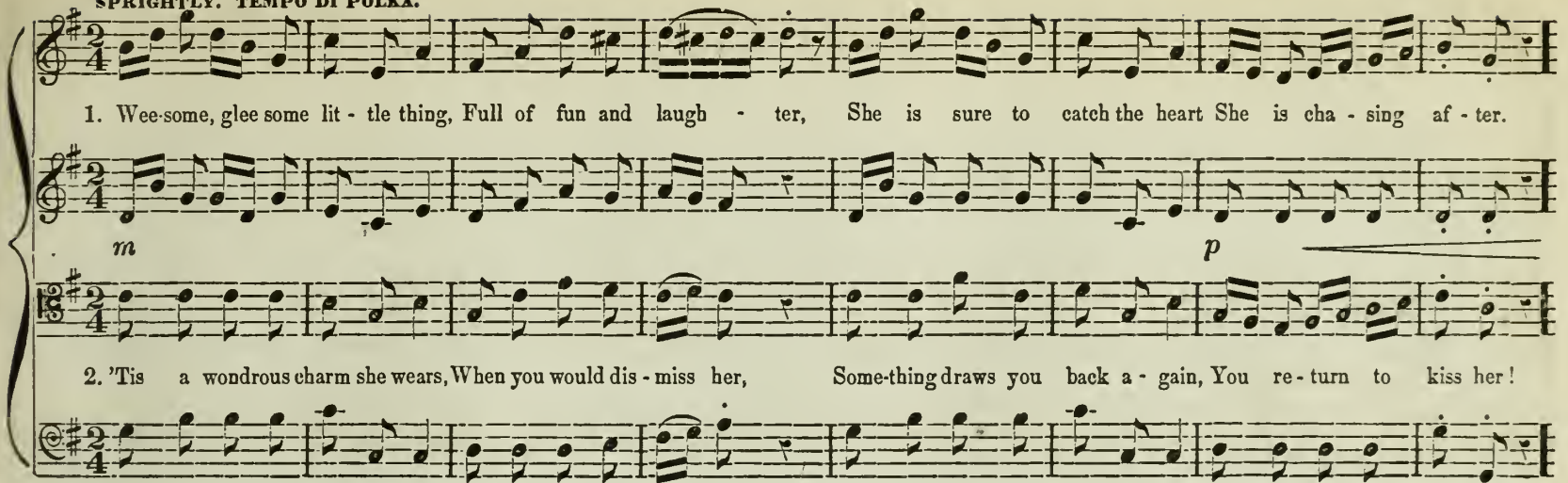
FANCY. A Glee.

Words by J. HAL ELLIOTT.

Music by P.

95

SPRIGHTLY. TEMPO DI POLKA.



mp mp

Zephyrs blow, Meet and dance while Zephyrs blow, Gent-ly in the evening's glow, Meet and dance while Zephyrs blow, Gently in the evening's glow, Tra la.

pp **SOLO.** D.C. to end at Fine.

mp **SOPRANO.**

mp mp

Zephyrs blow, Meet and dance, while Zephyrs blow, Meet and dance while Zephyrs blow, Gently in the evening's glow.

pp **ALTO.** D.C. to end at Fine.

mp

pp

AFAR ON THE SEA.

Words M. T. CALDOR.

1st TENOR or SOPRANO.

1. A - far on the sea, O a - far on the sea, There's a ship that is speeding a - way from me! A -

ALTO or 3rd TENOR.

2. A - far on the sea, O a - far on the sea, A heart there is yearning and sighing for me; A

2nd TENOR.

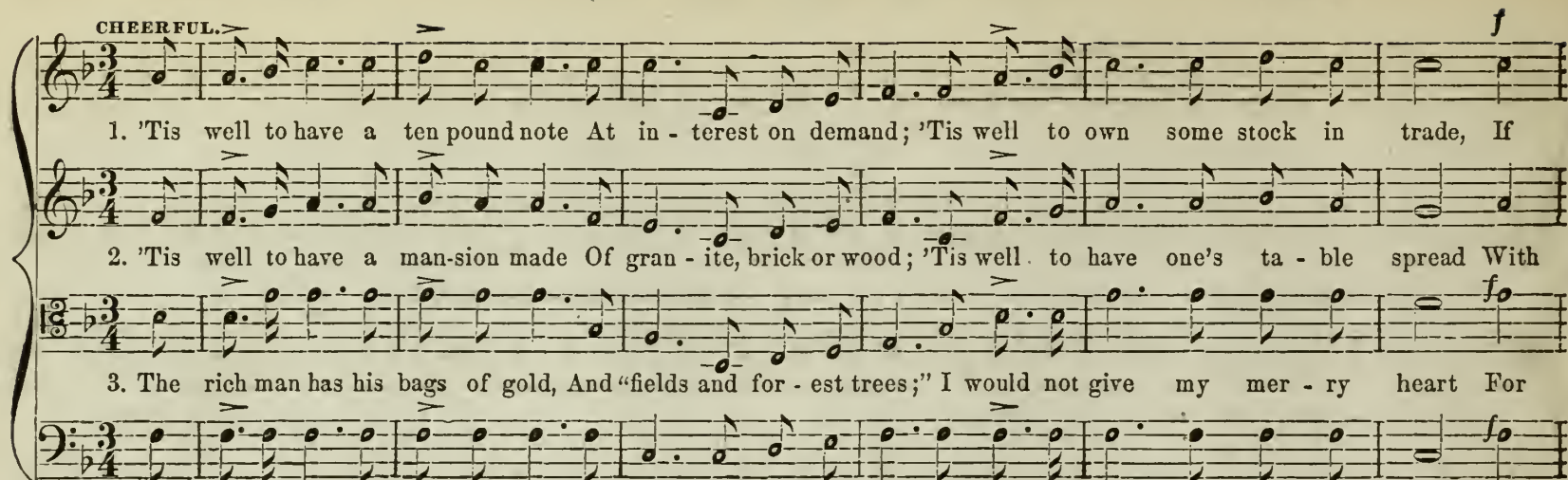
3. A - far on the sea, O a - far on the sea, Where per - ils a - rise, and where shipwrecks may be; O

BASSO ff

- round it the foam-wreathing billows a - rise, And a - bove it are bending these same blue skies! But the sun that
form on the deck borne a - long on the tide, For aye on this earth should be here at my side; O wind of the
boy in my arms, with his smile in thine eye, Clasp thy in - no - cent hand as I lift to the sky Pe - titions to

looks faint on our snow-clad hills, Shines bright on the sails, that the mon - soon fills.
Shines bright on the sails, that the mon-soon fills.
west, hasten on and be-stow This kiss to the brow whose ca - - ress it will know.
This kiss to the brow, Whose ca - - ress it will know.
save him, return him to shore; The contest triumphant, The con-test triumphant, a roamer . . no . . . more.
a roamer no more.

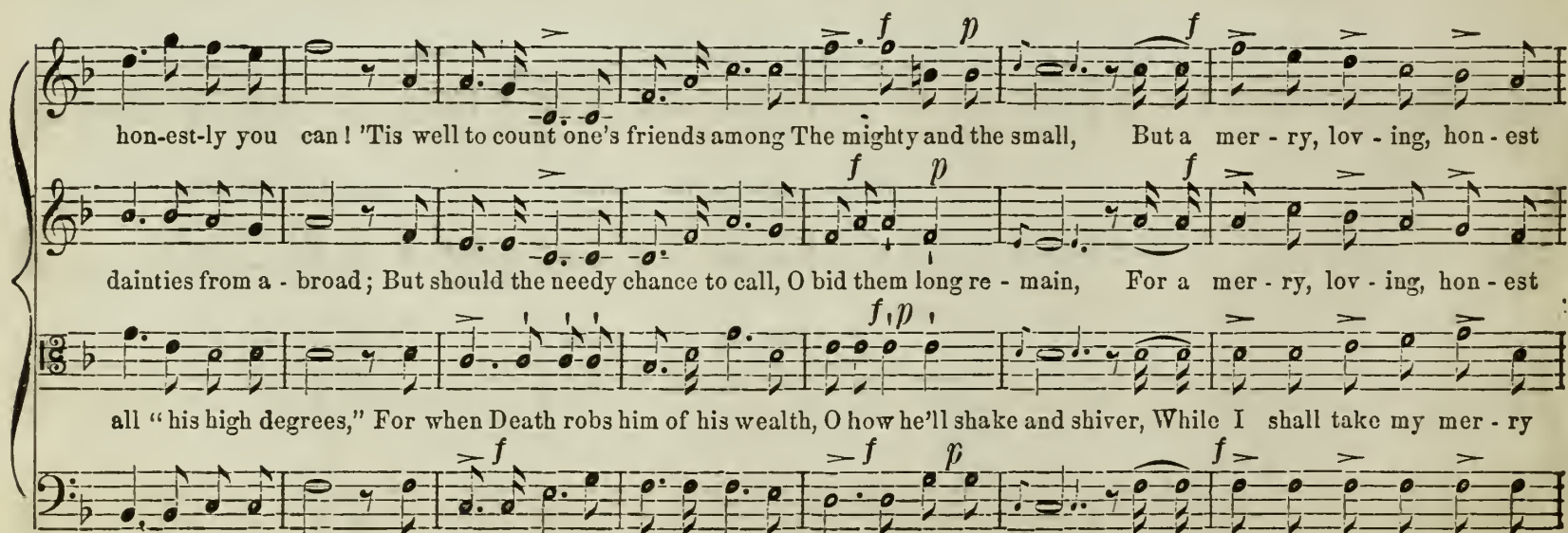
CHEERFUL. >



1. 'Tis well to have a ten pound note At in - terest on demand; 'Tis well to own some stock in trade, If

2. 'Tis well to have a man-sion made Of gran - ite, brick or wood; 'Tis well to have one's ta - ble spread With

3. The rich man has his bags of gold, And "fields and for - est trees;" I would not give my mer - ry heart For



hon-est-ly you can! 'Tis well to count one's friends among The mighty and the small, But a mer - ry, lov - ing, hon - est

dainties from a - broad; But should the needy chance to call, O bid them long re - main, For a mer - ry, lov - ing, hon - est

all "his high degrees," For when Death robs him of his wealth, O how he'll shake and shiver, While I shall take my mer - ry

heart. Is bet-ter than them all! But a mer-ry, loving, hon-est heart, Is bet-ter than them all!..... But a

heart, Should never know a stain, For a mer-ry, loving hon-est heart, Should never know a stain,..... For a

heart, with me a-cross the river, (*Omit to coda.*) For a merry, honest heart, For a

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words spanning across multiple staves. The system concludes with a double bar line.

mer-ry, loving, hon-est heart Is bet-ter than them all! While I shall take my mer-ry heart With me a-cross the riv-er.

mer-ry, honest, lov-ing heart, Should nev-er know a stain, (*For last verse only.*)

lov-ing heart, While I shall take my mer-ry heart With me a-cross the riv-er.

merry, honest, lov-ing heart, Should nev-er know a stain,

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It begins with the instruction 'SLOWLY. CODA.' above the first staff. The music is marked with dynamics such as *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), and *ff* (fortissimo). The system concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words spanning across multiple staves.

OUR HOME. Trio.

Soprano or Tenor. *f* *p* *f*

1. Our home shall be A cot on the moun-tain-side, Where the bright wa-ters glide, Spark-ling and free; Ter-race and

Alto. *f* *p* *f*

2. There shall be joy, With no care to mo-lest,—Qui-et, se-rene and blest; And our em-ploy Work each oth-er's

3. Our home shall be γ Where the first ray of light,—O-ver the moun-tain's height, Stream, rock, and tree,—Joy to our

Basso. *f* *p* *f*

p

win-dow o'er Wood-bine shall grace-ful soar; Ro-ses... shall 'round the door Bos-som for thee.

p *3* *p*

plea-sure; Boundless be the trea-sure, With-out weight or meas-ure, Free from al-loy.
cot shall bring; While brake and bow'r shall ring With notes the birds shall sing, Lov'd one, for thee.

p *p*

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.*

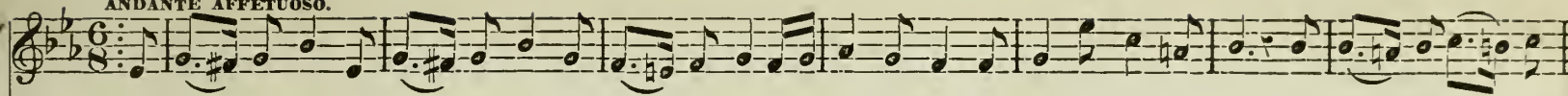
103

Words by J. VERY.

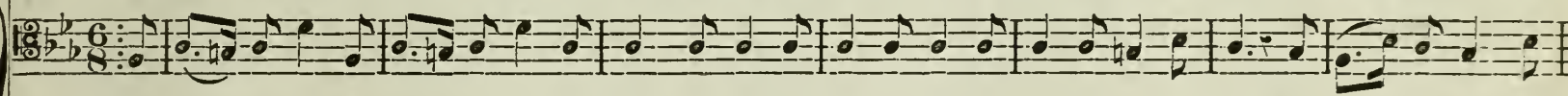
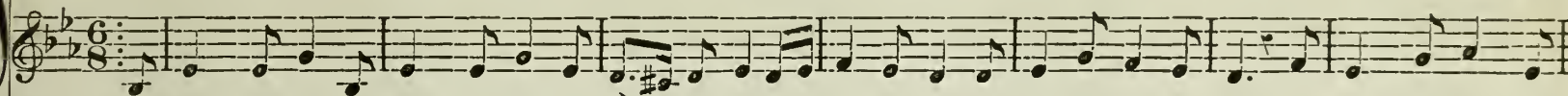
(Arranged as a Quartett, for this Book.)

Music by L. O. EMERSON.

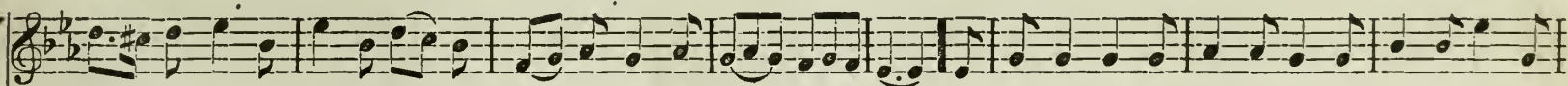
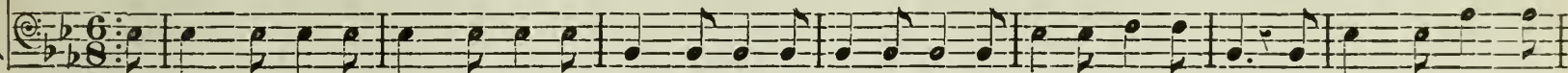
ANDANTE AFFETUOSO.



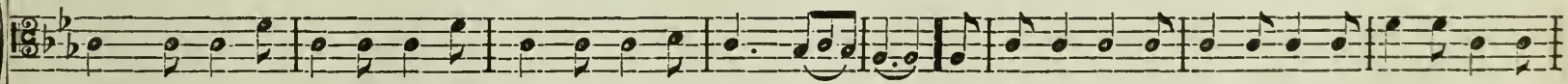
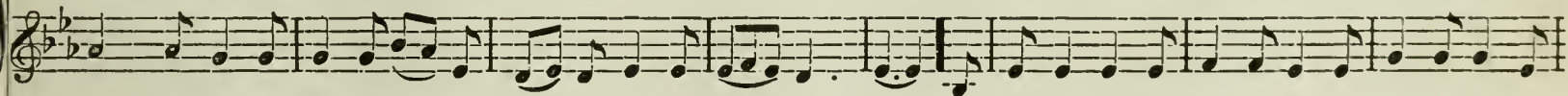
1. My moth - er's voice! I hear it now; I feel her hand up - on my brow, As when, in heart-felt joy, She rais'd her ev - 'ning



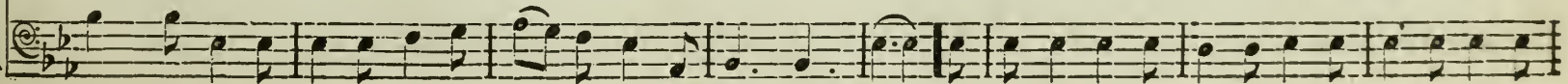
2. My moth - er's voice! I hear it now, Her hand is on my burn - ing brow, As in that ear - ly hour, When fe - ver throbb'd thro'



hymns of praise, And call'd down bless - ings on the days Of her lov'd boy. My mother's voice! It sounds as when She read to me of



all my veins, And that fond hand first sooth'd my pains With heal - ing pow'r. My mother's voice! It sounds as when She read to me of



* By permission of O. Ditson & Co.

ho - ly men, The pa - tri-archs of old; And gaz-ing down-ward on my face, She seem'd each infant thought to trace My young eyes told.

RITARD.

ho - ly men, The pa - tri-archs of old; And gaz-ing down-ward on my face, She seem'd each infant thought to trace My young eyes told.

3. Tho' round my heart all, all be-side, The voice of Friendship, Love, had died, *That*

INTERLUDE.

3. Tho' round my heart all, all be-side, The voice of Friendship, Love, had died, *That*

voice would lin - ger there, As when, soft pil - low'd on her breast, Its tones first lull'd my in - fant rest, Or rose... in prayer.

RIT. AD LIB.

voice would lin - ger there, As when, soft pil - low'd on her breast, Its tones first lull'd my in - fant rest, Or rose... in prayer.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff and the second line of lyrics corresponding to the second staff. The lyrics are: 'voice would lin - ger there, As when, soft pil - low'd on her breast, Its tones first lull'd my in - fant rest, Or rose... in prayer.' The first line of lyrics is under the first staff, and the second line of lyrics is under the second staff. The first line of lyrics is followed by the instruction 'RIT.' and the second line of lyrics is followed by the instruction 'AD LIB.'.

CODA.

p My moth-er dear, *p* My moth-er dear, My gen-tle, gen-tle moth-er, *pp* My gen-tle moth-er dear.

p My moth-er dear, *p* My moth-er dear, My gen-tle, gen-tle moth-er..... dear.

mf My moth-er dear,.... *mf* My moth-er dear,.... Dim. My gen-tle, gen-tle moth-er..... dear.

p My moth-er dear,.... *p* My moth-er dear, &c. Dim.

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The second staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff, the second line of lyrics corresponding to the second staff, the third line of lyrics corresponding to the third staff, and the fourth line of lyrics corresponding to the fourth staff. The lyrics are: 'My moth-er dear, My moth-er dear, My gen-tle, gen-tle moth-er, My gen-tle moth-er dear.' The first line of lyrics is under the first staff, the second line of lyrics is under the second staff, the third line of lyrics is under the third staff, and the fourth line of lyrics is under the fourth staff. The first line of lyrics is followed by the instruction 'CODA.' and the second line of lyrics is followed by the instruction 'p'. The third line of lyrics is followed by the instruction 'mf' and the fourth line of lyrics is followed by the instruction 'Dim.'.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Words by J. D. ROBINSON.

Music by SMITH N. PENFIELD.

1. I am all alone in my chamber now, And the midnight hour is near, And the faggots' crack, and the clock's dull tick, Are the on - ly sounds I

2. I went one night to my father's house—Went home to the dear ones all— And softly I opened the garden gate, And softly the door of the

3. I shall miss him when the flowers come, In the gar - den where he played, I shall miss him more by the fireside, When the flowers are all de -

Cres. *Dim.*

hear, And o - ver my soul in its sol - i - tude, Sweet feelings of sadness glide, For my heart and eyes are full when I think Of the little boy that died.

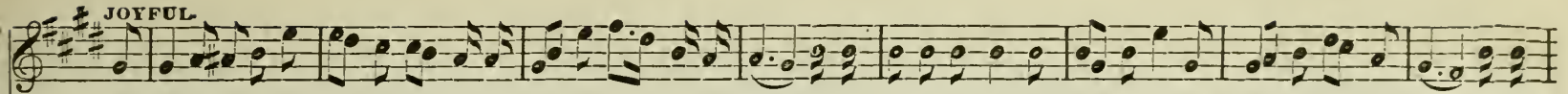
hall; My mother came out to meet her son, She kissed me and then she sighed, And her head fell on her neck, and she wept For the little boy that died.

Cres. - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do.* *Dim.*

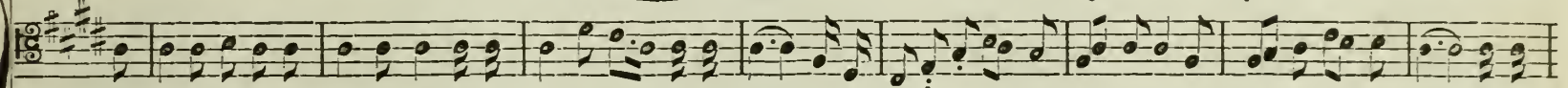
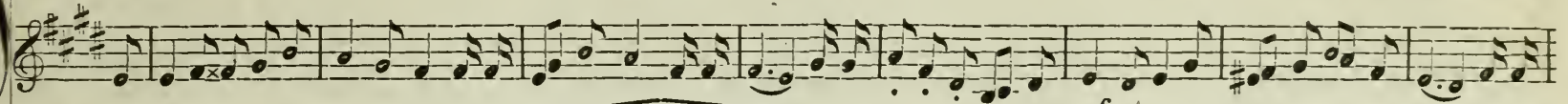
cayed; I shall see his toys and his empty chair, And the horse he used to ride, And they will speak with a si - lent speech Of the little boy that died.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED, Concluded.

157



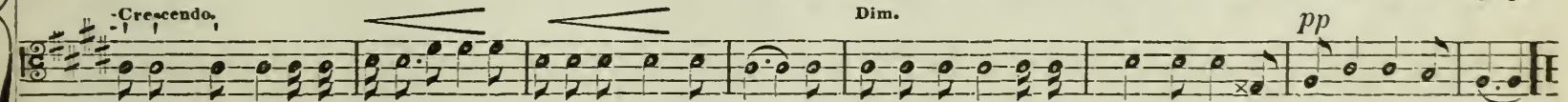
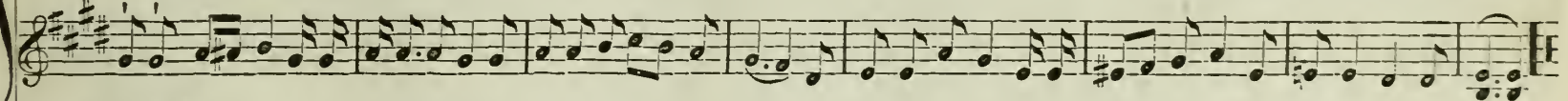
4th verse. We shall go home to our Father's house, To our Father's house in the skies, Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight, Our love no brok - en ties. We shall



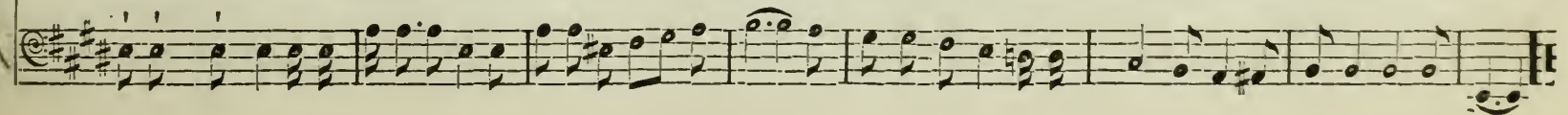
4th verse. We shall go home to our Father's house, To our Father's house in the skies, Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight, Our love no brok - en ties. We shall



roam on the banks of the river of peace, And bathe in its blissful tide, And one of the joys of our life shall be, The lit - tle boy that died.



roam on the banks of the river of peace, And bathe in its blissful tide, And one of the joys of our life shall be The lit - tle boy that died.



Poetry by CHARLES SWAIN

Music by F. H. PEASE.

DOLCE.

1. Thinking of old times, Hopes ne'er to be; Speaking of old friends Far o'er the sea; Distance can change not, Dear ones like you;

m *p* *mf* *Crescendo.*

2. Oh! 'mid the old friends I no more see, Is there a kind thought ev-er for me? If there's but one hope, One wish tho' vain,

CHORUS.

Fortune estrange not Hearts that are true! Thus in the twilight Fond tho'ts will stray Back to the old homes, Homes far a-way.

mf *p* *p* *pp*

If there's but one sigh, I'll not complain.... Thus in the twilight Tears oft will stray, Thinking of old friends, Friends far a-way.

"WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?"

109

Words by MRS. HEMANS.

Music by WM. U. BUTCHER.

SLOW. p

mf

1. Where shall we make her grave? Oh! where the wild flowers wave In the free air! Where showers and

2. Harsh was the world to her— Now may sleep min - is - ter Balm for each ill: Low on sweet

p

Cres.

3. Mur - mur glad wa - ters by! Faint gales with hap - py sigh Come wand' - ring o'er That green and

sing - ing bird 'Midst the young leaves are heard, There, lay her there! There, lay her there!

na - ture's breast, Let the meek heart find rest, Deep, deep and still, Deep, deep and still!

moss - y bed, Where on a gen - tle head, Storms beat no more, Storms beat no more!

"THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT."*

Music by J. H. PIXLEY.

MARCATO. DISTINCT.

1. If men car'd less for wealth and fame, And less for battle-fields and
2. If men dealt less in stocks and lands, And more in bonds and deeds fra-
3. If more would act the play of life, And few - er spoil it in re -
4. If men were wise in lit - tle things, Af - fect - ing less in all their

IN OCTAVES.

PRELUDE.

PIANO-FORTE.

glo-ry; If wit in hu - man hearts, a name Seem'd bet-ter than in song or sto-ry, If men, in- stead of nursing pride, Would
 ter-nal; If love's work had more wil - ling hands To link this world with the su - per - nal, If men stor'd up love's oil and wine, And
 hearsal; If big - ot - ry would sheath his knife, Till good be - came quite u - ni - ver - sal; If cus - tom, gray with a - ges grown, Had
 dealings; If hearts had few - er rust - ed strings To i - so - late their kind - ly feel-ings; If men, when wrong beats down the right, Would

learn to hate it, and ab - hor it:—If men re - lied On love to guide, The world.... would be the bet - ter for it.
 on bruis'd hu - man hearts would pour it,—If "yours" and "mine" Would once combine, The world.... would be the bet - ter for it.
 few - er blind men to a - dore it,—If tal - ent shone, In truth a - lone, The world... would be the bet - ter for it.
 strike to - geth - er and re - store it,—If right made might In ev - 'ry fight, The world.... would be the bet - ter for it.

CHORUS.

The world would be,.... The world would be the bet - ter for it, the bet - - ter for it.

ff *mp* *ff*

The world.... would be, would be, The world would be the bet - ter for it, The bet - - ter for it....

ff *mp* *ff*

The world, the world would be, would be, The world would be the bet - ter for it, The bet - - ter for it....

ff *mp* *ff*

JUANITA. Quartett, for Gentlemen's voices.

By Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

1st Tenor.

1. Soft, o'er the foun - tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun - tain, Breaks the day too soon.

2d Tenor.

1st Bass.

2. When, in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light beam - ing Prove thy dreams are vain,

2d Bass.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

In thy dark eye's splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea-ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well.

Wilt thou not re - lent - ing For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh, In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Ni - ta, Jua - - ni - ta, Ask thy soul if we should part, Ni - ta, Jua - - ni - ta, Lean thou on my heart.

Ni - ta, Ni - ta, Let me lin - ger by thy side, Ni - ta, Ni - ta, Be my own fair bride.

EVA LEE. Chant.

113

Poetry by Mrs. M. M. HINES.

Music by F. H. P.

1. Darling, sweet-voiced E - va Lee is dead! I sat by her side, and saw her die;

2. Kissed I the spray from her fore - head damp, As aweary she passed by that voice - less shore,

3. Fragile and tender — she — could not stay Where the clouds were dark, and the winds were shrill;

4. Thus pass'd she afar to a land un - known; And I weep, I cannot be com - fort - ed:

My bosom pillowed her drooping head, Upon my lip trembled her last low sigh, last low sigh.

Hushing my heart to the muffled tramp Of the guide who had come to lead her o'er, lead her o'er.

And smiling, she bade him lead the way, Nor faltered, nor shrank, though the mists were chill, cold and chill.

For I know that henceforth I must wander alone, — My darling, sweet-voiced Eva Lee is dead, Eva Lee is dead.

SONG OF THE BIRD, Continued.

115

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are:

 roar, I plume my wings and a-way I soar! 3. O I love my

 there, And roamed a - - bout in my na - - - tive air;

 - tire When in, it ris - es higher, and higher.

 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

 1. But soon on the

 2. Then when he was

 1. But soon on the branch

 2. Then when he was gone, 3. O I love my

 3. O I love my nest,

 nest,

 1. Of a lof - ty tree, Gay - ly I sing, I'm free! I'm free . .

 2. Of the highest tree, Gay - ly I sung, I'm free! I'm free . .

 branch of a lof - ty tree, of a lof - ty tree;

 gone, on the high - est tree, on the highest tree;

 1. Gai - ly I

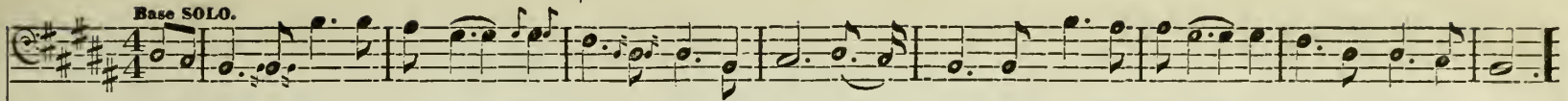
 2. Gai - ly I

 . . of a lof - ty tree, Home and the haunt of the bird that's free, 3. Home and the

 nest, and I love the tree, and love the tree,

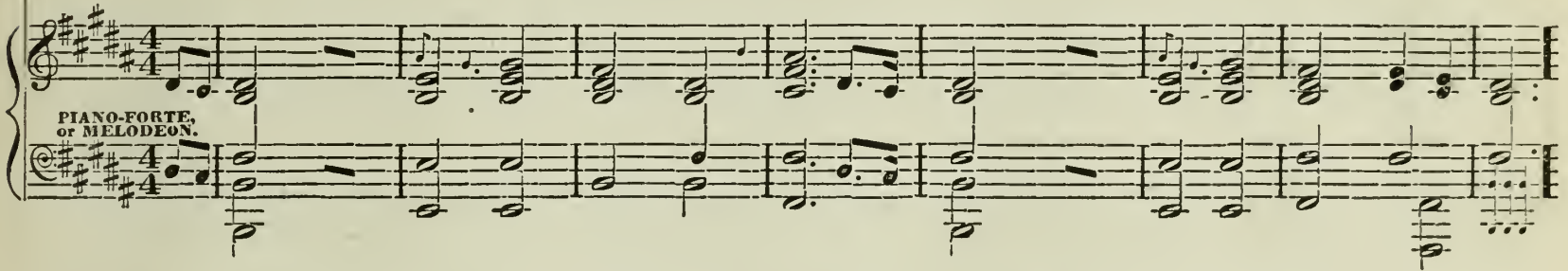
 The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand, providing a harmonic support for the vocal melody.

Base SOLO.



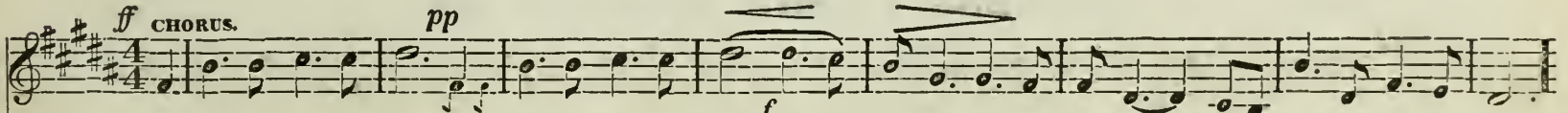
1. Max-wel-ton Braes are bon-nie, When ear-ly fa's the dew; And 'twas there that An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her pro-mise true.
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift; Her throat is like the swan: Her face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on.
3. Like dew on the gow-an ly-ing Is the fa'o' her fai-ry feet, And like winds in sum-mer, sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet.

PIANO-FORTE. or MELODEON.



ff CHORUS.

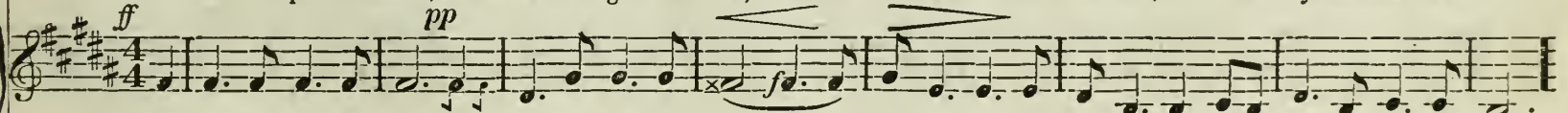
pp



Gave me her pro-mise true, Which ne'er for-get will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

ff

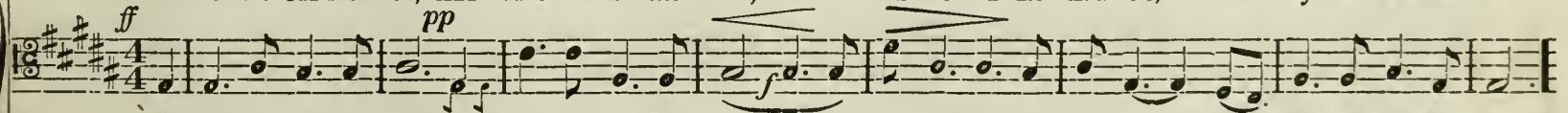
pp



That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

ff

pp



Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me. And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

pp

ff



pp **QUITE FAST.**

Bon - nie An - nie, Bon - nie An - nie Who ne'er for - get will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.

pp

Bon - nie An - nie, Bon - nie An - nie Who ne'er for - get will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the song 'Annie Laurie'. It features four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, with lyrics written below them. The third and fourth staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'QUITE FAST' and the dynamics are 'pp' (pianissimo).

Words by JOHN S. ADAMS.

FLOWERS, BRIGHT FLOWERS. Glee.

F. H. PEASE.

JOYFUL. *f*

1. Flow'rs from the wild - wood, Flow'rs, bright flow'rs! Spring - ing from de - sert spot, Where man dwell-eth not.

2. Rem - nants of E - den, Flow'rs, bright flow'rs! Ting'd with a heav'nly hue, Sweet flow'rs of a - zure blue.

3. High on the moun - tain, Flow'rs, bright flow'rs! Low in se - ques-ter'd vale, On cliff, rock and dale, Flow'rs, bright

f

Flow'rs, bright flow'rs,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the glee 'Flowers, Bright Flowers'. It features four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, with lyrics written below them. The third and fourth staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 12/8. The tempo is marked 'JOYFUL' and the dynamics are 'f' (forte).

FLOWERS, BRIGHT FLOWERS, Concluded.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system features a treble clef for the voice and a bass clef for the piano. The second system continues with the same clefs. The third system introduces a new part for the left hand, indicated by a double bar line and a new staff with a bass clef. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final double bar line. Dynamics such as *f*, *p*, and *m* are placed above the notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words like "Ev - er" hyphenated across measures.

f *p* *m*

Flow'rs, bright flow'rs, Cheering the traveller's lot, Cheer-ing the traveller's lot... Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Flow'rs, bright flow'rs, Brightest earth ev - er knew, Bright-est earth ev - er knew. La, la, la, la, la, la, la,

f *p* *m*

flow'rs,..... Ev - er, for-ev-er pre - vail, Ev - er, for-ev-er pre - vail. Tra, la, la, la, la, la,

..... Ev - er, for - ev - - er pre - vail. Tra, la, la, la,

[illegible]

Words by FRANK W. POTTER

mp LARGHETTO, GENTLE.

1. Bright morn is love - ly, when, in gold - en dye, A glo - rious ra - diance gleams a - thwart the sky; But

2. Hush'd is the tran - quil earth in sol - emn rest, As night en - shrouds it with her sa - ble vest; And

3. And when at length this dream of life is o'er, And pass - ing on we seek the view - less shore, Oh,

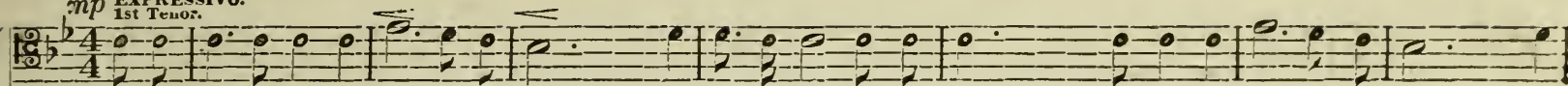
ev - 'ning has a sweet - er, ho - lier charm, Which wraps the spir - it in its robes of calm.

now bright ze - phyr, 'mid their wings, do bear A ho - ly fra - grance on the ev - 'ning air.

when our days are clos - ing, may we glide Like ev - 'ning sha - dows, down the si - lent tide.

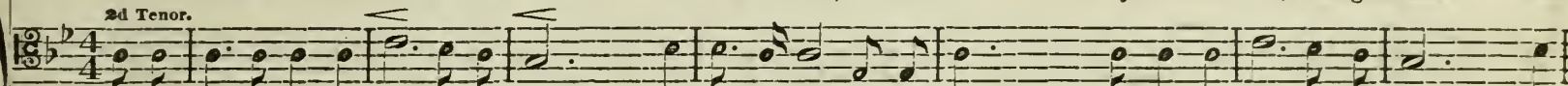
mp EXPRESSIVO.

1st Tenor.

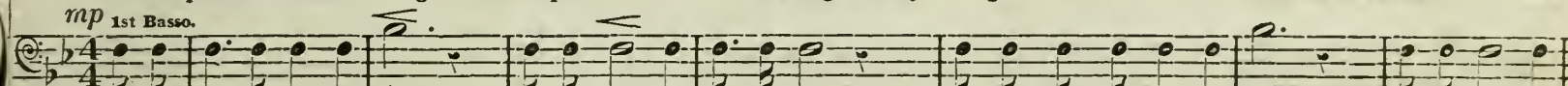


1. There are moments in our life When are hush'd its sounds of strife ; When, from bu - - - sy toil set free, Mind goes back the

2d Tenor.

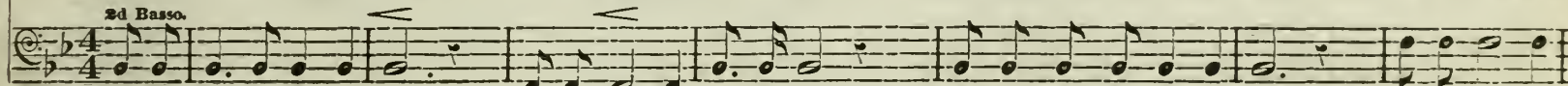


2. Oft when pas-sions 'round us throng, And our steps in - cline to wrong, Mem'ry brings a friend to view, In each line and

mp 1st Basso.

3. What a store-house, fill'd with gems, Of more worth than di - a - dems ; Each bath, 'neath his own con - trol, The re - fresh-ment

2d Basso.



past to see : Mem'ry, with its mighty pow'rs, Brings to view our child-hood hours ; Once a - gain we romp and

fea-ture true ; Tho' he long hath left us here, Then his pre - sence seemeth near, And with sweet per-sua-sive

for his soul : Some good deed, perform'd each day, That in fu-ture we may find Happy thoughts . . . to bring to

Happy tho'ts, to bring to

play, As we did in youth's bright day, And with nev - er ceas - ing flow, Come the hours of long a - go.

voice, Leads us from our e - vil choice; Thus, when we from right would go, Come restraints from long a - go.

mind, For, with ev - er cease - less flow, Thoughts will ev - - - er ceaseless flow, Thoughts will come from long a - go.

BOAT RIDE. Glee.

VIVACE. WALTZ MOVEMENT.

1. Our boat glides o - ver the sea,..... Like a bird from its moun - tain nest;.... With - in, we're hap - py and

2. We'll reach our dear hap - py home,... When the sun has gone down to rest;..... But all are hap - py and

BOAT RIDE, Concluded.

123

[illegible]

OVER THE RIVER. Quartett.

F. Z. P.

Con Espressione. Andante.

1. Over the riv - er they beckon to me, Loved ones who've crossed to the other side, The gleam of their snowy robes I see, But their
 2. Over the riv - er the boat - man pale, Carried another, the household pet ; Her brown curls waved in the gen - tle gale,

3. For none re - turn from those qui - et shores, Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ; We hear the dip of the gold - en oars, And
 4. And I sit and think when the sun - set's gold Is flushing river, and hill, and shore, I shall one day stand by the wa - ter cold, And

voices are lost in the dashing tide : There's one with ringlets of sun - ny gold, And eyes the re - flection of heaven's own blue, He
 Darl - ing Minnie ! I see her yet, She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands, And fear - less - ly en - tered the phantom bark, We

catch a gleam of the snowy sail ; And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts, They cross the stream, and are gone for aye ; We

list for the sound of the boatman's oar ; I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail, I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand, I shall

crossed in the twi - light gray and cold, And the pale mist hid him from mor - tal view; We saw not the an - gels who
felt it glide from the sil - ver sands, And all our sunshine grew strange - ly dark; We know she is safe on the

may not sunder the vale a - part, That hides from our vis - ion the gates of day, We on - ly know that their

pass from sight with the boat - man pale, To the bet - ter shore of the spir - it land, I shall know the loved who have

met him there. The gates of the ci - ty we could not see, Over the riv - er, over the river, My brother stands wait - ing to welcome me.
fur - ther side, Where all the ransomed and angels be; Over the riv - er, the mys - tic river, My childhood's idol — is waiting for me.

barks no more May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea; Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore, They watch and beckon and wait for me.

gone before, And joyful sweet will the meeting be, When over the river, the peaceful river, The angel of death shall car - ry me.

GENTLE SPRING. Chorus.

Words by Captain GABRIEL CAMPBELL.

Allegretto Animato.

1. Lis - ten to our sing - ing, All ye pensive train ; Happy voi - ces ring - ing O - ver hill and plain, Tell us by their

2. Soon each verdant meadow, Warmed by sunny beams, With each flitting shad - ow, Will re - flect its streams : And the leaf - y

3. Sweet the scent of ro - ses, On the balmy air ; Mer - ry spring re - pos - es, 'Mid the val - lies fair, Let us then u -

humming From the leafy bowers, "Gentle spring is com - ing With her laugh - ing hours." La, la, la,

woodland Filled with blooming flowers, Speaks of its Cre - a - tor 'Mid the ver - dant bowers. La, la, la,

nit - ing Ev - er glad - ly sing, Joy - ous - ly in - vit - ing Now the com - ing spring, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la,

GENTLE SPRING, Concluded.

127

la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Spring is com - ing, Spring is com - ing,

la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Spring is com - ing, Spring is com - ing,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Spring is com - ing, Spring is com - ing,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Spring is com - ing, Spring is com - ing,

[illegible]

"THOUGH I HAVE GRIEVED THY SPIRIT, LORD."

EDWARD A. PERKINS.

Though I have grieved thy spir - it, Lord, Thy help and comfort still af - ford ; And let a wretch come near thy throne, To plead the merit of thy Son.

Though I have grieved thy spir - it, Lord, Thy help and comfort still af - ford ; And let a wretch come near thy throne, To plead the merit of thy Son.

My soul lies humbled in the dust, And owns thy dreadful sentence just ; Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, And save a soul condemned to die.

My soul lies humbled in the dust, And owns thy dreadful sentence just ; Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, And save a soul condemned to die.

T.S. ~~~~~ *T.S.* ~~~~~

Then will I teach the world thy ways ; Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ; I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood, And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

Then will I teach the world thy ways ; Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ; I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood, And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

* May be used as metrical tune, (L. M.) ending here.

"BURY ME DEEP IN THE SEA." Trio.

129

Poetry by J. M. B. SILL.

F. H. P.

1. The grey-haired Sail-or was dy-ing ashore, Ver-y near to his home—the sea: And heard the dash, and the

2. Then the eye of the Sail-or 7 flashed a - gain, As it flashed in the days of yore: And he spake the word of com -

3. Where the waves are wild, and the spray is white, And the panting tempests roar, There let me sink in the

4. In wrath was the an - gry o - cean tossed, And the fiends of the storm were free, When they heeded the words that the

sul - len roar Of the o - cean wild and free. From his blood - less lips there came a sound, "Oh, mand so stern, Dig not my grave on the shore. I can - not lie in a grave of earth, I

wild, wild sea, Oh bu - ry me not on the shore. Oh, strangers, list to my dy - ing words, And Sail - or spoke, And they bu - ried him deep in the sea. They bu - ried the Sail - or not on the shore, But

bu - ry me deep in the sea, Oh, bu - ry me deep in the sea, in the sea, . . . in the sea." can - not sleep on the shore, I can - not sleep on the shore, on the shore, on the shore.

bu - ry me not on the shore, And bu - ry me not on the shore, on the shore, on the shore. they buried him deep in the sea, But they buried him deep in the sea, in the sea, . . . in the sea.

[17] on the shore.

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE. Song and Chorus.

FREDERIC H. PEASE.

ANDANTE.

1. I knew by the light in his deep, dark eye, When he heard the beat of the mus - tering drum, That he
 2. Two fair haired chil - dren he left with me, Who lisped his name at the e - ven - tide; The
 3. I know he has an - swered his coun - try's call, That his breast is bared at a high com - mand; But my
 4. Perhaps when the ma - ple leaves are red, And the gold - en glories of har - vest come, I shall

nev - er would fold his arms and sigh O - ver the c - vils that were to come: I knew that the blood of a
 ve - ry hour when up - on his knee He used to fondle his pet and pride; A - las! they may nev - er, a -
 heart will break, I know if he fall, In the battle's front, by a trai - tor's hand; But I murmur not, tho' my
 wake some morn - ing to hear his tread, And give him a warm heart's wel - come home; To kneel with him in a

pa - triot sire Coursed through his veins like a stream of fire; So I took his hand And
 gain be bless'd By a fa - ther's care in the old home nest, And he nev - er a - gain May
 tear - wet eyes At - test the worth of the sa - cri - fice; 'Tis a wife's free gift, Two
 fer - vent prayer, Thank - ing our God for his watch - ful care, In shielding his heart From

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is written on two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

bade him go, But he nev - er dream'd That it grieved me so, But he nev - er dream'd That it grieved me so.
 hear the tones Or kiss the lips Of his lit - tle ones, Or kiss the lips Of his lit - tle ones.
 lives in one, In the name of God And of Wash - ing - ton, In the name of God And of Wash - ing - ton.
 the rebel's brand, Who honored the flag Of his cher - ished land, Who honored the flag Of his cher - ished land.

The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a pedal point in the left hand. There are four asterisks (*) placed below the piano staff, each followed by the word "Ped." (Pedal).

CHORUS.
Animato.

The chorus section of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is written on two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

'Tis a wife's free gift, Two lives in one, In the name of God And of Washington, In the name of God, And of Wash - ing - ton.
 And of Washington.
 'Tis a wife's free gift, Two lives in one, In the name of God And of Washington, In the name of God, And of Washington.

The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and single notes, with a pedal point in the left hand. There is a forte (ff) dynamic marking above the vocal line at the beginning of the chorus.

Arranged for this work by P.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON.

SOLO.

1. We dwell with - in a lit - tle cot, Kit - ty, my love, and I, And
 2. Though we've no park, nor pal - ace we, Kit - ty, my love, and I, A
 3. We cov - et not the pal - ace grand, Kit - ty, my love, and I, We've

Soprano & Alto.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Kit - ty, my love, and I.....

Tenor.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Kit - ty, my love, and I.....

Basso.

we've be sure a hap - py lot, Kit - ty, my love, and I. A - round us bloom the ro - ses sweet ; We hear the sound of lit - tle feet ; The
 knight am I, a queen is she ; Kit - ty, my love, and I. We trip a - broad, in rus - set clad, With step so light, and heart so glad, A
 wealth within, the heart and hand, Kit - ty, my love, and I. A - way with knights of high de - gree ; For fame and ti - tle what care we ? I

la, la, la, la. Kit - ty, my love, and I. La, la, la,

la, la, la, la. Kit - ty, my love, and I. La, la, la,

birds, with sweetest car - ol greet Kit - ty, my love, and I..... Oh.....
 bon - ny wife and jol - ly lad, Kit - ty, my love, and I..... Oh.....
 our low cot we'll hap - py be, Kit - ty, my love, and I..... Oh.....

la, la, la,..... la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Kit - ty, my love, and I,... Kit - ty, my love,....

la, la, la,..... la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Kit - ty, my love, and I,... Kit - ty, my

Kit - ty, my love,

..... The birds, with sweet - est car - ol, greet Kit - ty, my love, and I....

Kit - ty, my love, Kit - ty, my love, and I.... The birds, with sweet - est car - ol, greet Kit - ty, my love, and I....

love,..... Kit - ty, my love, and I.... The birds, with sweet - est car - ol greet Kit - ty, my love, and I....

Kit - ty, my love,

"HAIL! HOLY FLAG."

Written by MAJOR B. M. CUTCHEON.

Chorus from "NORMA."

PRELUDE.

PIANO-FORTE.

Bass SOLO.

Hail! ho - ly flag! hail! once a - gain.

The prelude is written for piano in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

CHORUS.
Tenors.

Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail, ho - ly flag, hail once a - gain.

Basses.

Hail! hail to thee, thou

This section contains the first part of the chorus for tenors and basses. The tenors have a vocal line with lyrics, and the basses have a supporting vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

Bass SOLO.

ban - ner bright, Hail! hail to thee. Hail! Ban - ner, Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Solo. **Chorus.** **Solo.** **Chorus.**

This section contains the second part of the chorus. It features a bass solo followed by a chorus of tenors and basses. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic background.

Solo.

Hail!

CHORUS.
Tenors.

Hail! ho - ly flag! Hail! once a - gain. Thy star - ry folds still sweep the sky.

Basses.

This section contains the final part of the chorus. It features a solo for the tenors and a chorus for the tenors and basses. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

Oh let it float o'er... hill and plain, While Freedom lives—till Treason dies..... Hail, banner bright, thy star-ry light Shall

guide us thro' our dark-est night, Hail! By thee we stand, firm..... as a rock, When surging bil-lows...

.... round it close; With thee we'll brave each bat-tle shock, And hurl it back 'gainst freedom's

foes..... Hail, banner bright, thy star-ry light Shall guide us thro' our dark-est

CHORUS.

night! Hail! Hail, ban-ner bright, thy star-ry light Shall guide us thro' our dark-est night!

8 8 8

Soprano & Tenor. Full CHORUS.

Hail! ho-ly flag! Day brightly dawns; Our night is past; the clouds are riv'n; The rain-bow hues o'er-arch the storm; Thy burn-ing stars flash thro' the

Bass.

heav'n, Flash thro' the heav'n, Flash thro' the heav'n, Flash thro' the heav'n. Hail!... ban-ner bright, thy....

thro' the heav'n, Flash thro' the heav'n, Flash thro' the heav'n. Hail!..... ban-ner

Soprano.

star-ry light Shall guide us thro', guide us thro' our dark-est night. Hail! hail, thou ban-ner bright! Hail! hail, thou ban-ner bright.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

bright, thy star-ry light, &c.

THE LITTLE RING.

F. CHOPIN.

137

English words by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Arranged by F. H. P.

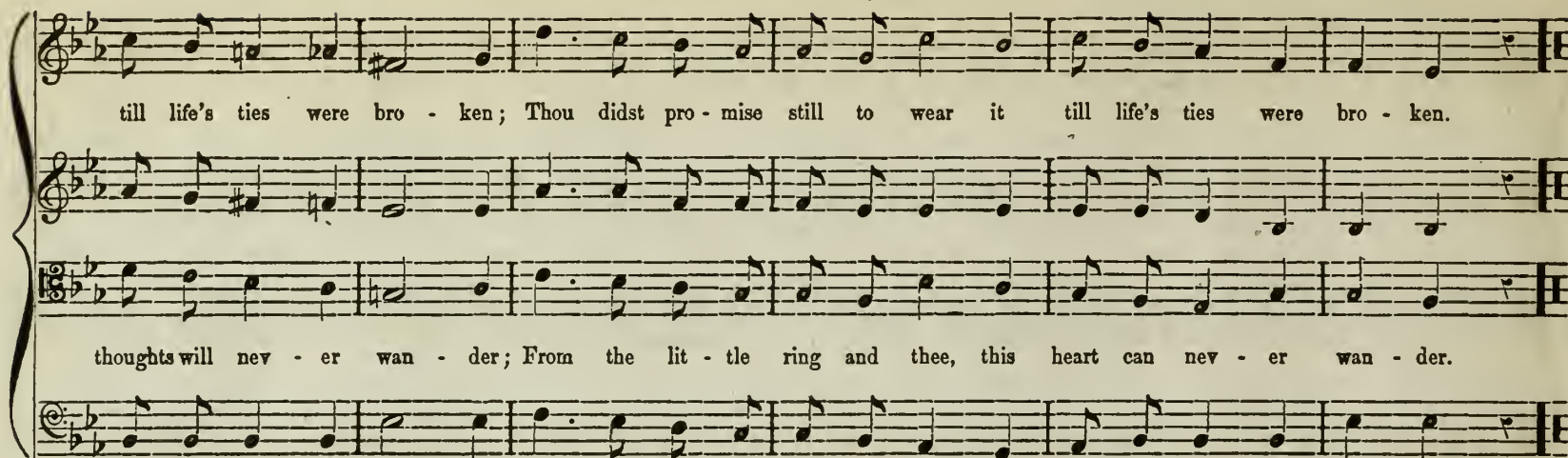
1. Still I see thee, near me stand-ing, in thy child-ish beau-ty; E-ven then my bride I call'd thee, vow'd thee love and

2. While a-far I roam'd, in sad-ness, all the vows we plight-ed Thou didst break, and with a-noth-er, false one, wast u-

du-ty, And a lit-tle ring I gave thee as a lov-ing to-ken; Thou didst pro-mise still to wear it,

ni-ted; But no oth-er love can tempt me; on the past I pon-der; From the lit-tle ring, and thee, my

THE LITTLE RING, Concluded.



till life's ties were bro - ken; Thou didst pro - mise still to wear it till life's ties were bro - ken.

thoughts will nev - er wan - der; From the lit - tle ring and thee, this heart can nev - er wan - der.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT. Trio.

KÜCKEN.

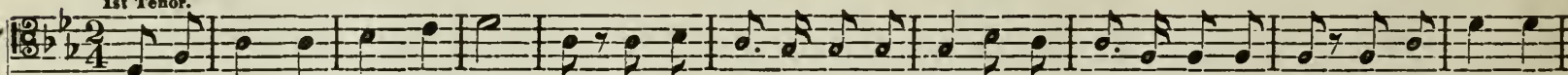
Written by GEORGE LINLEY.

(Gentlemen's voices.)

Arranged for this work by F. H. P.

ALLEGRETTO.

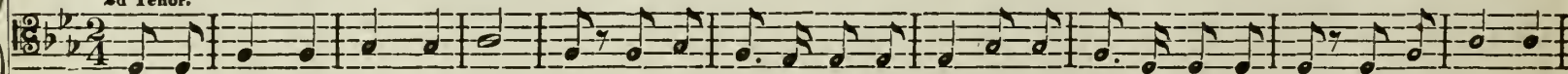
1st Tenor.



1. See these rib - bons gai - ly stream - ing; I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette; I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette; Yes, of bat - tle

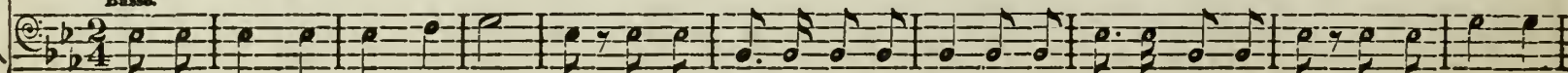
2. We will march a - way, to - mor - row, At the break - ing of the day; At the breaking of the day; And the trum - pets

3d Tenor.



3. Shame! Li - zette, to still be weep - ing, While there's fame in store for me; While there's fame in store for me; Think when home I

Basso.



3. Shame! Li - zette, to still be weep - ing, While there's fame in store for me; While there's fame in store for me; Think when home I

I am dream - ing, And the hon - ors I shall get;.... With a sa - bre by my side, And a hel - met on my
will be sound - ing, And the mer - ry cym - bals play;.... Yet be - fore I say good - by, And a last sad part - ing

am re - turn - ing, What a joy - ful day 'twill be;.... When to church you're fond - ly led, Like some la - dy smart - ly

brow, And a proud steed to ride, I shall rush on the foe. Yes, I flat - ter me, Li - zette, 'Tis a
take, As a proof of your love, Wear this gift for my sake. Then cheer up, my own Li - zette, Let not

drest, And a he - ro you shall wed, With a med - al on his breast. Ha! there's not a maid - en fair, But with

life that well will suit, The gay life of a young re - cruit,..... The gay life of a young re - cruit.
grief your beau - ty stain, Soon you'll see the re - cruit a - gain,..... Soon you'll see the re - cruit a - gain.

wel - come will sa - lute The gay bride of the young re - cruit,..... The gay bride of the young re - cruit.

"AWAKE FROM SLUMBER." Serenade.

Written by EMILY M. GODARD.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN, for this work.

1. Awake, a - wake from slumber and from dreaming, Awake, a - wake, fair dream-er, rise, - The dew-gems shine, The stars are soft - ly

2. Awake, a-wake, tho' angels dreams are bringing, A - rise, a - rise, sweet la - dy mine, The moon shines bright, The chimes are soft - ly

3. Awake, re-turn from dreamland, and its gleaming, A - wake, a-wake, bright la - dy mine, The heaven's pure lights O'er us are bright - ly

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with lyrics underneath each staff.

gleaming, The willows wave, The night wind sighs, Wake from thy slumbers, Waken from thy dreaming, Waken from thy dreaming, fair sleep-er

ring-ing, The night bird sing, Up-on the vine, Wake from thy slumbers, Lis-ten to our sing-ing, Waken from thy dreaming, sweet la - dy

streaming, The waters play, Our oars keep time, Wake from thy slumbers, Waken from thy dreaming, O - pen thy lat - tice, and list, lady

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of three staves (treble, treble, and bass clef) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics continue across the staves, with some words like 'Waken' and 'Lis-ten' appearing in a slightly different font or style to indicate a change in the melody or a new phrase.

rise. Wake from thy slum - bers, Wa - ken from thy dream - ing, Wake from thy dream - ing, fair sleep - er rise, A - wake, a -

mine. Wake from thy slum - bers. Lis - ten to our sing - ing, Wake from thy dream - ing, sweet la - dy mine, Awake, a -

mine. Wake from thy slum - bers, Wak - en from thy dream - ing, O - pen thy lat - tice, and list, lady mine, Awake, re -

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4.

- - - wake, from slum - ber and from dreaming, A - wake, a - wake, fair dream - er rise, 1. fair dream - er rise. 3. bright la - dy mine.

- - - wake, tho' an - gels dreams are bringing, A - rise, a - rise, sweet la - dy mine, A - rise.....

- - - turn from dream - land and its gleaming, A - wake, a - wake, bright la - dy mine, A - rise.....

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4. The system includes dynamic markings: *Ad Lib.*, *Lento.*, and *p* (piano).

"SANCTA MARIA."

CHORUS FROM DINORAH, MEYERBEER.

Andantino con moto.
CHO.

Sanc-ta Ma - ri - a! Sanc-ta Ma - ri - a! Holy Queen of moor and mountain, grant us thy gentle care!

Ho - - - ly ho - - - ly, ho - ly Queen of moor and moun - tain!

Ho - - - ly, ho - - - ly, ho - ly Queen of moor and moun - tain! We

O thou... on heaven's throne, Be praised,

**ff SOLO.* hearts in pray'r, hearts in pray'r,

humbly come to a - dore thee, and of - fer garlands before thee, And hearts in pray'r and hearts in

• The Chorus can be sung without the Solo.

"SANCTA MARIA." Concluded.

143

le blest a - lone,

Cho.

Sanc - ta, Ma - ri - a,

Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Holy Queen of moor and mountain, Grant us thy gentle

ho - - - ly, ho - - - ly, ho - ly, Queen, grant us. grant us thy

pray'r,

ho - - - ly, ho - - - ly, holy Queen of moor and mountain. grant us thy gentle

ho - ly Queen, grant us thy

Be thou prais - - - ed, Be thou prais - - - ed,

Be thou praised, Be thou praised, and blest a - lone

Solo.

care,

Grant,

thy

gen - tle - care, thy gen - tle care.

care,

Grant

thy

gen - tle care, Thy gen - tle care.

Cres. care, Sancta Ma - ri - a,

Cres. thy gentle care, thy care, thy care.

Cres. care,

Cres. Sancta Ma - ri - a,

Cres. thy gentle care, thy gen - tle care.

HUNTING CHORUS.

From the "LILY OF KILLARNEY." Arr. by E. B.

[illegible]

cheery dogs give warning, The wind is in the Sou'-Souwest, a fine and cloudy morning, It is a glorious hunting day, The cheer-y dogs give

warning, does she you love de - spise your sigh; Does debt or troub - le bind ye; To horse, to horse, and

HUNTING CHORUS, Continued.

as you fly, Leave sorrow far be - hind ye, Tal - ly ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, to horse, to horse, to

as you fly, Leave sorrow far be - hind ye, Tal - ly ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho.

Tally ho, Tally

horse, and as you fly leave sor - row far be - - hind..... ye, The wind is in the West, a

Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, The wind is in the West, a

ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho,

HUNTING CHORUS, Concluded.

147

fine and cloudy morn - ing; It is a glorious day, a glorious hunting day, The wind is in the Sou'-Souwest,

Cres. *ff* *Dim.*

Cres. *Dim.*

Cres. *Dim.*

Cres. *Dim.*

A fine and cloudy morning, It is a glorious hunting day, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho.

Inst. *Inst.* *Cres.* *Inst.* *f* *Inst.* *ff*

Cres. *f* *ff*

Inst. *Inst.* *Cres.* *Inst.* *f* *Inst.* *ff*

Cres. *f* *ff*

"DAMES AND GALLANTS." Chorus.

From the "ARMORER of NANTES," by BALFE.

Arranged by E. BRUCE.

f ALLEGRO BRILLANTE.

Dames and gal-lants, Dames and gal-lants, to the for-est let us hie, let us hie,...

Dames and gal-lants, Dames and gal-lants, to the for-est let us hie, let us hie,...

let us hie.... to the for-est, to the for-est, Where the an- tler'd syl- van monarchs

let us hie.... to the for-est. to the for-est, Where the an- tler'd syl- van monarchs

"DAMES AND GALLANTS," Continued.

149

1st time. 2d time. *p*

Inst. 'Mid the thick-ets lie... 'Mid the thick-ets lie... Tho' the buck, per - haps, es - cape us,

Tho' the buck, the buck, per - haps, es - cape us,

'Mid the thick-ets lie, 'Mid the thick-ets lie. *p* Tho' the buck, per - haps, the buck, the buck, per - haps, es - cape us,

Inst. Tho' the buck, the buck, per - haps, es - cape us,

Inst. Not in vain will be, will be the chase. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, 'tis in the jo - cund

Not in vain will be the chase, Since 'tis in the jo - cund green - - -

Not in vain will be, in vain will be the chase, Since 'tis in the jo - cund green - - -

Inst. Not in vain will be the chase,

"DAMES AND GALLANTS," Continued.

greenwood. A - way, A - way, A - way, for health too has her rest - ing place. *f* A - way as we ride, ev - 'ry stride leaves limping

wood. health too, health too has her rest - - ing place. *f* A - way as we ride, ev - 'ry stride leaves limping

care be-hind. A - way as we ride, ev-'ry stride leaves care be - hind. Tell us where, aught so rare, Tell us where, aught so rare,

care be-hind. A - way as we ride, ev-'ry stride leaves care be - hind. Tell us where, aught so rare, Tell us where, aught so rare,

1st time. 2d time.

Inst.

ought so rare as the hun-ter's life we find, we find, find. Tell us where ought so rare, as the hun-ter's

Inst.

ought so rare as the hun-ter's life we find, we find, find. Tell us where ought so rare, as the hun-ter's

life we find. Aught so rare, aught so rare, aught so rare, aught so rare, aught so rare. Hurrah, hur-rah, hurrah, hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah.

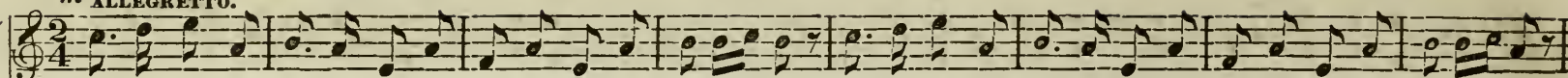
life we find. Aught so rare, aught so rare, aught so rare, aught so rare, aught so rare. Hurrah, hur-rah, hurrah, hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah.

"BLITHE AND TRIPPING."

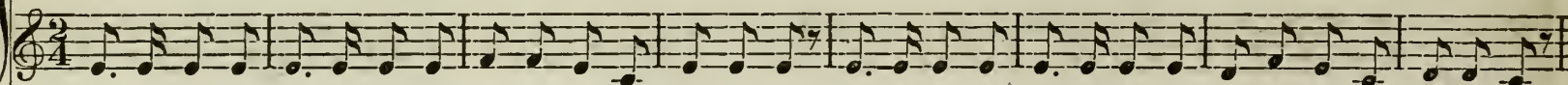
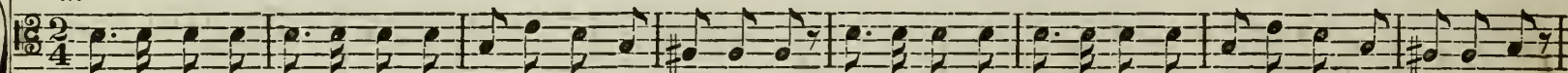
BALFE.

Arranged by E. BRUCE.

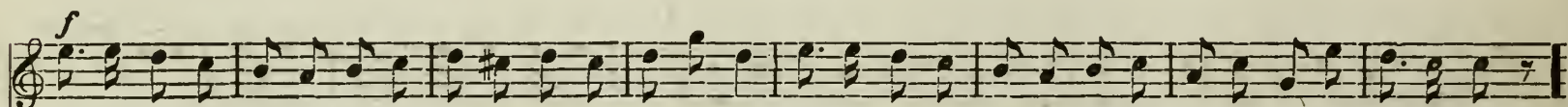
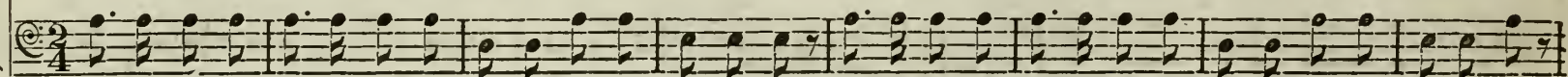
From the "ARMORER of NANTES."

m ALLEGRETTO.

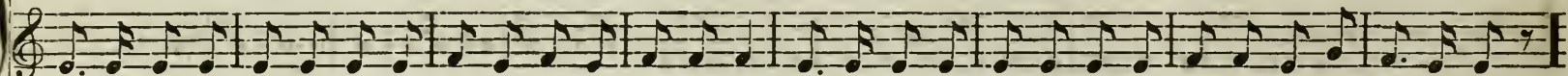
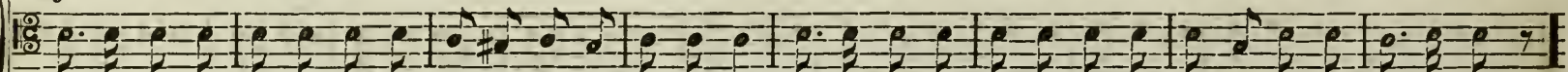
Blithe and tripping, crown'd with gladness, Pleasure vis - its us to - day; Melt-ing, by her sun - ny presence, Sor-row's ice and frost a - way.

*m*

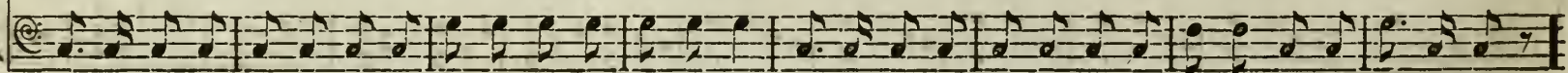
Blithe and tripping, crown'd with gladness, Pleasure vis - its us to - day; Melt-ing, by her sun - ny presence, Sor-row's ice and frost a - way.

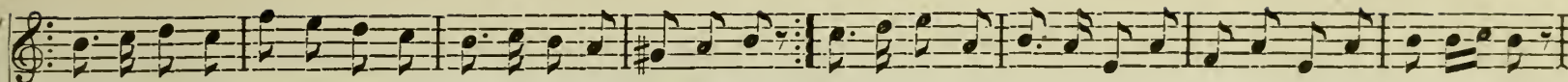


Lose no time to do her hon - or, Welcome her with dance and song; Sel-dom does she glad-den la - bor, Nev - er does she do so long.

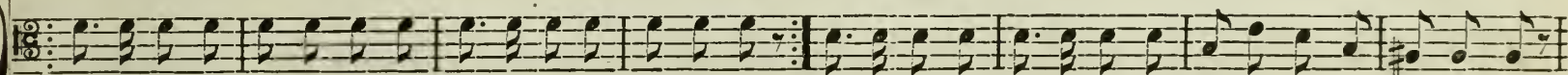
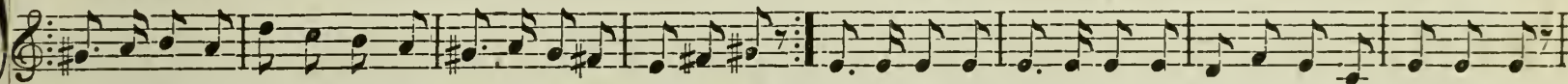
*f*

Lose no time to do her hon - or, Welcome her with dance and song; Sel-dom does she glad-den la - bor, Nev - er does she do so long.

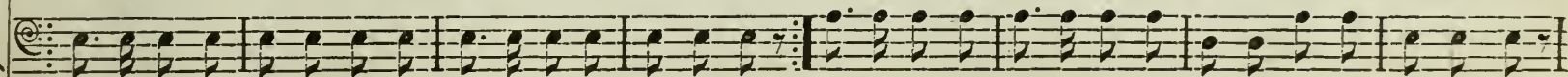




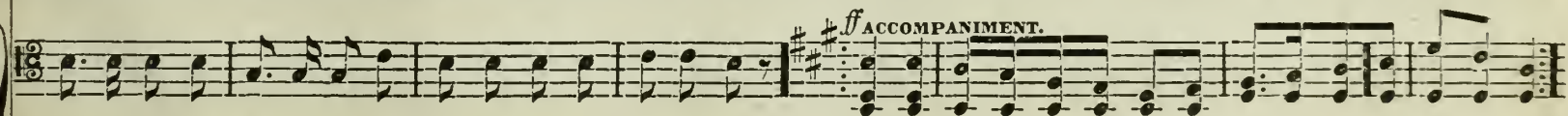
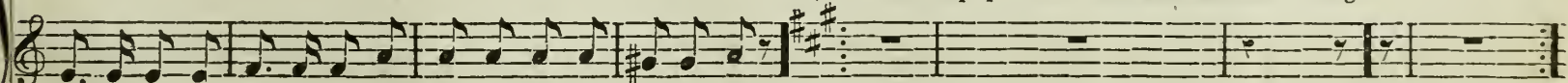
For al - tho' like some kind an - gel, Mirth and mag - ic smiles she brings, }
One sad truth a - las is cer - tain, Like an an - gel she has wings. } Blithe and tripping, crown'd with gladness, Pleasure vis - its us to - day ;



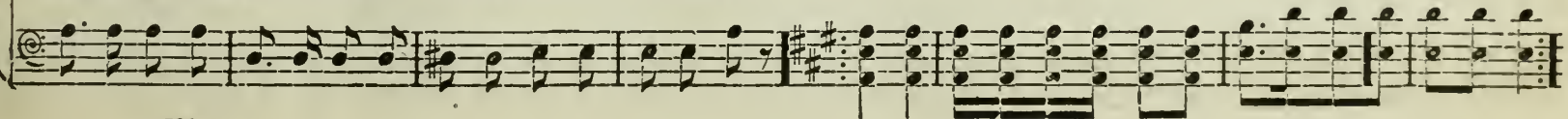
For al - tho' like some kind an - gel, Mirth and mag - ic smiles she brings, }
One sad truth a - las is cer - tain, Like an an - gel she has wings. } Blithe and tripping, crown'd with gladness, Pleasure vis - its us to - day.



Melt - ing, by her sun - ny presence, Sor - row's ice and frost a - way. { Blithe and tripping, crown'd with gladness, Pleasure rules o'er all to - day ;
But, like rip - ples on the wa - ter, Soon her reign



Melt - ing, by her sun - ny presence, Sor - row's ice and frost a - way.



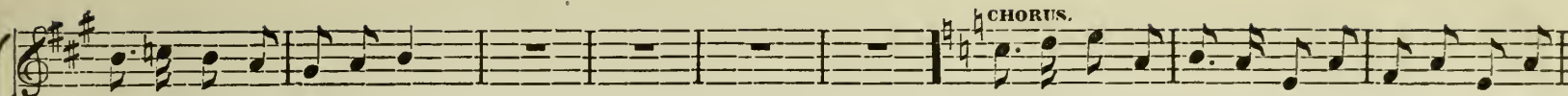
2d time. *f*

will pass a-way. { Do her hon-or, if it please you, Welcome her with dance and song; { Tho' 'tis true that like an an-gel, Mirth and ma-
 { Fickle is she, like a woman, Nev-er fond or con-stant long. { One great truth is al-so cer-tain, Like an an-

1st time. 2d time. CHORUS.

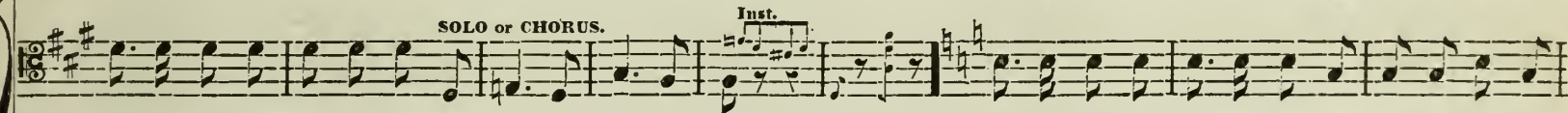
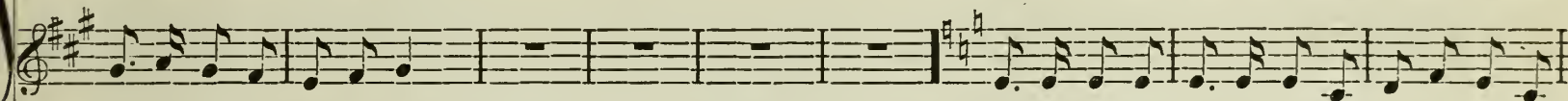
gie smiles she brings, For al - tho' like some kind an - gel, Mirth and mag - ic smiles she brings, One sad truth a - las is cer-tain,
 gel, she has wings.

For al - tho' like some kind an - gel, Mirth and mag - ic smiles she brings, One sad truth a - las is cer-tain,



Like an an - gel, she has wings, &c.

Blithe and tripping, crown'd with gladness, Pleasure vis - its



SOLO or CHORUS.

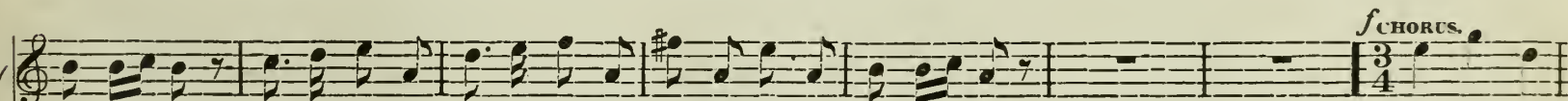
Inst.

Like an an - gel, she has wings, Her reign will pass a - way.

Blithe and tripping, crown'd with gladness, Pleasure vis - its

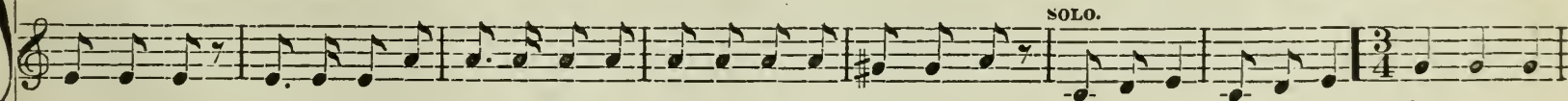


Inst.

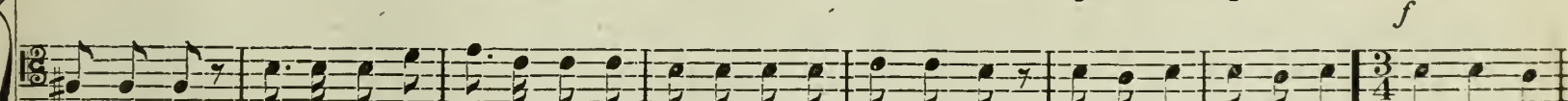


f CHORUS.

us to - day; Melting, by her sun - ny presence, Sor-row's ice and frosts a - way. Fortune frowns, oh, be-ware, Our gen - tle

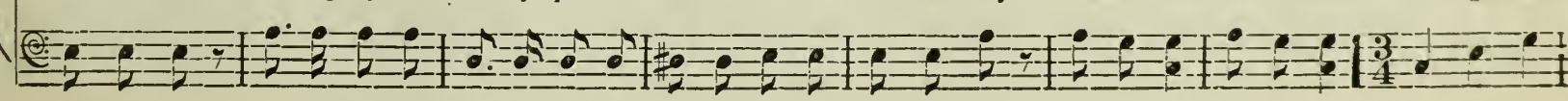


SOLO.



f

us to - day; Melt-ing, by her sun - ny presence, Sor-row's ice and frosts a - way. For-tune frowns, oh, be - ware, Our gen - tle



"BLITHE AND TRIPPING," Concluded.

**ALLEGRO VIVACE.
SOLO.**

f CHORUS.

SOLO. CHORUS.

sov - 'reign, vir - tuous and fair, Kneels at the Vir - gin's shrine, in grate - ful prayer. Her reign will pass a - way, will pass a -

sov - 'reign, vir - tuous and fair, Kneels at the Vir - gin's shrine, in grate - ful prayer. Her reign will pass a - way, will pass a -

Solo. *f* Chorus.

way. Her reign will pass a - way, will pass a - way, will pass a - way, will pass a - way, will pass..... a - - - - way.

f

way. Her reign will pass a - way, will pass a - way, will pass a - way, will pass a - way, will pass..... a - - - - way.

"KIND FRIENDS, WE'RE GLAD TO MEET YOU."* Greeting Glee.

157

From DONIZETTI'S "BELISARIO."

Arranged by F. H. PEASE.

mp MODERATO.

Kind friends, we're glad to meet you, Glad to meet you, meet you here... Where are hearts more kind and true, Such
Glad to meet you, meet you here...

Kind friends, we're glad to meet you, Glad to meet you, meet you here... Where are hearts more kind and true, Such
Glad to meet you, meet you here...

hearts should know no fear. What shall we sing, Tra, la, la, la, la,..... To warm the soul to-night? Tra, la, la, la,..... Tra, la, la, la...

hearts should know no fear. What shall we sing,— Tra, la,..... To warm the soul to-night? Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la,

What shall we sing,— Tra, la, la, la, la, la,— To warm the soul to-night? Tra, la, la, la, la,

* Permission to use, granted by MESSRS. LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

.... For mu - sic charms, For.. mu - sic... charms, Tra, la, la, la,..... Tra, la, la, la,..... For mu - sic

.... For mu - sic charms, For.. mu - sic... charms, Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la. For mu - sic

Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la.

AD LIB. *RITARD.* *A TEMPO.* *ff*

charms, And makes the spir - it light, And makes the spir - it light; Then mirth and song shall gai - ly flow, And youth-ful hearts with love will

charms, And makes the spir - it light, Then mirth and song shall gai - ly flow, And youth-ful hearts with love will

ff

m ALLEGRETTO.

glow, Be - fore the time shall - come to go... O, the moon is bright, Sweet sounds are wing - ing, Hap - py

m

glow, Be - fore the time shall come to go. O, the moon is bright, Sweet sounds are wing - ing, Hap - py

p

voi - ces now, In cho - rus ring - ing, And the leaf - y trees Are wet with sparkling dew; All are mer - ry here, Where hearts are

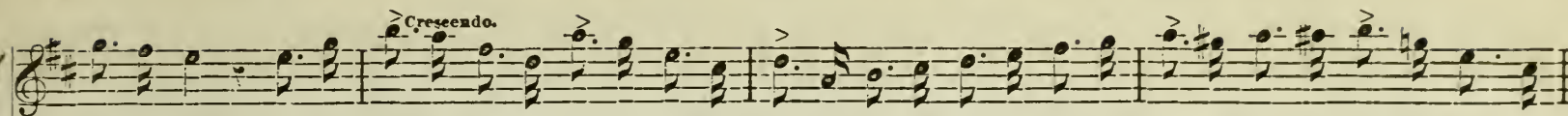
p *>*

voi - ces now, In cho - rus ring - ing, And the leaf - y trees Arc wet with sparkling dew; All are mer - ry here, Where hearts are

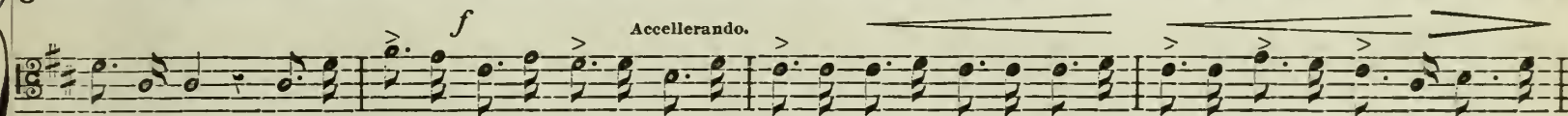
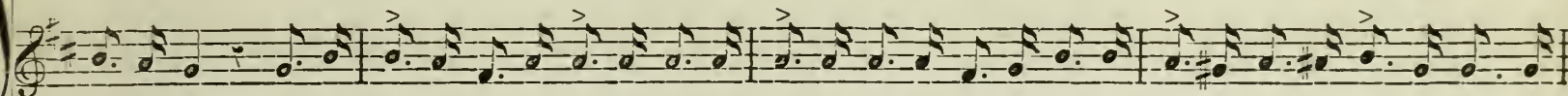
“KIND FRIENDS, WE’RE GLAD TO MEET YOU,” Continued.

kind and true. { Come and join with us, Fill'd with love and joy, Come and join with us, Fill'd with love and joy, As we're sail - ing on, with spir - its light and Mer - ry, joy - ous, hap - py, mirth - ful now are

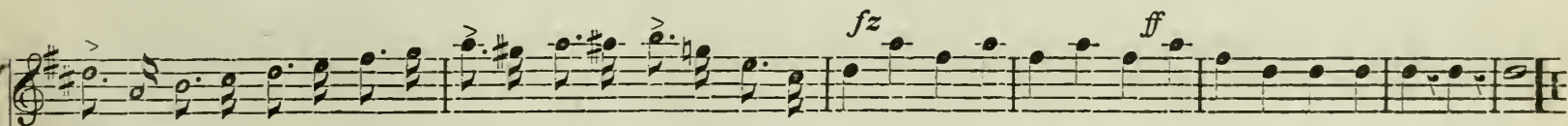
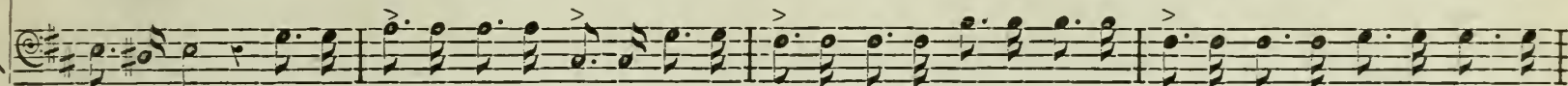
free. { we. } O, the moon is bright, Sweet sounds are wing-ing, Hap - py voi - ces now, In cho - rus ring - ing, And the leaf - y trees Are wet with



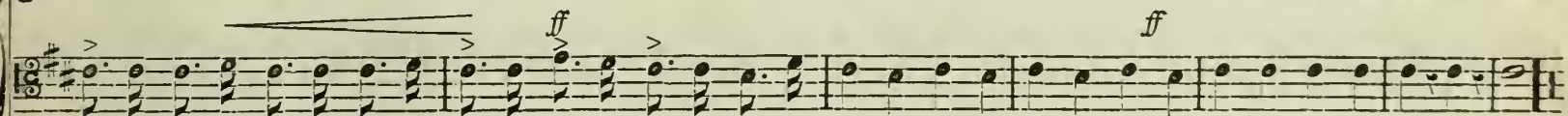
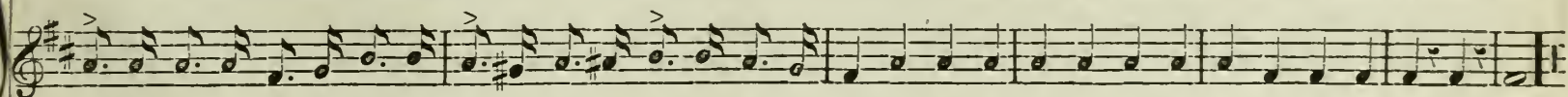
sparkling dew. All are hap - py here, Where hearts are kind and true, For all are hap - py here, Where hearts are kind and true, For all are



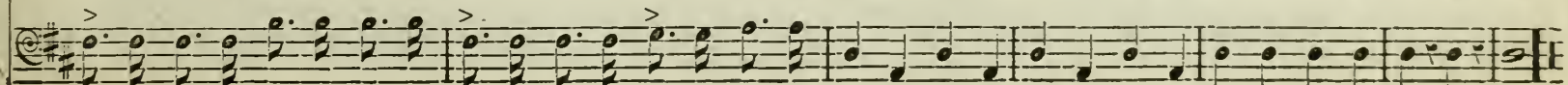
sparkling dew. All are hap - py here, Where hearts are kind and true, For all are hap - py here, Where hearts are kind and true, For all are



hap - py here, Where hearts are kind and true. For all are hap - py here, Where hearts are kind and true, are kind and true, Where hearts are kind and true.



hap - py here, Where hearts are kind and true. For all are hap - py here, Where hearts are kind and true, are kind and true, Where hearts are kind and true.



"HARK! YONDER SWELLING STRAIN."

From the "ARMORER of NANTES," by BALFE.

Arranged by E. BRUCE.

MODERATO GRANDIOSO.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the instruments. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'MODERATO GRANDIOSO'. The vocal parts begin with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Hark!' and 'Hark! yon-der'. The instrumental parts feature a melody with triplets and a bass line with triplets. The dynamic marking 'mf' is present.

mf Hark! Hark! yon-der

mf CHORUS. Hark! Hark! yon-der

INSTRUMENTS.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It features the same four-staff layout. The vocal parts have the lyrics 'swell - ing strain..' and 'Pro - claims she quits the fane...'. The instrumental parts continue with the melody and bass line. The dynamic marking 'mf' is present. The system concludes with the word 'Hark!'.

swell - ing strain.. Pro - claims she quits the fane... Hark!

Inst.

swell - ing strain.. Pro - claims she quits the fane... Hark!

Hark! she comes, she comes, our sov-'reign; Smiles shall greet her, Du - ty meet her,

And its hom - age du - ly pay... *Accomp.*

And its hom - age du - ly pay. *SOLO.* Soon shall sad-ness, sad - - - ness, dim her glad - ness,

"HARK! YONDER SWELLING STRAIN," Continued.

CHORUS. *ff* Oh! ne'er may sad-ness dim her

dark - 'ning with its clouds..... her.... day..... Soon shall sad - ness dim her gladness,

SOLO.

ff CHORUS. Oh! ne'er may

She comes, She comes. Soon shall sad - ness dim her gladness.

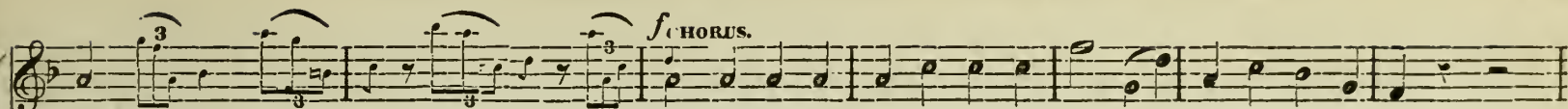
glad - ness. or o - ver - cast with clouds her day. She

CHORUS.

Ne'er may sad-ness dim her gladness, Or o-vercast with clouds her

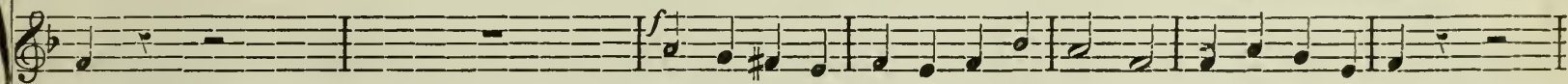
DUETT. **CHORUS.**

sad-ness dim her gladness. She comes. Or o-ver-cast with clouds her day.



comes.

Ne'er may sad-ness dim her glad-ness, Or o'er - cast with clouds her day.

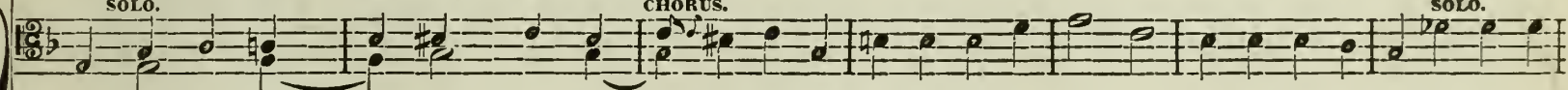


Soon, soon shall sad - ness dim her gladness,

SOLO.

CHORUS.

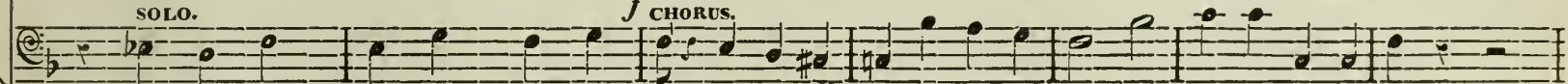
SOLO.



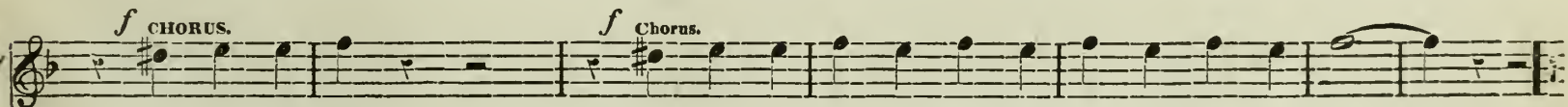
day. Soon dark..... clouds come, Ne'er may sad-ness dim her glad-ness, Or o'er - cast with clouds her day. Your ho - mage

SOLO.

f CHORUS.

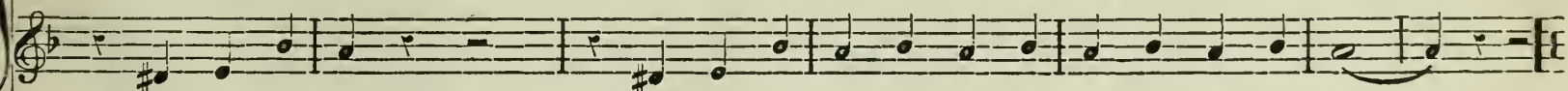


Soon, soon shall sad - ness dim her gladness,



We hom - age pay,

We hom - age pay, We hom - age pay, We hom - age pay....

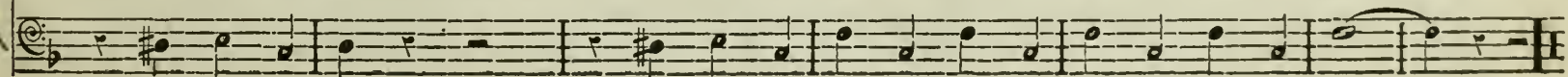


SOLO.

f



pay. We hom - age pay. Your hom - age pay. We hom - age pay, We hom - age pay, We hom - age pay.....



OUR GENTLE SOVEREIGN.

From the "ARMORER of NANTES," by BALFE.

Arranged by E. BRUCE.

f

Our gen - tle Sov'-reign, vir - tuous as fair, Kneels at the vir - gin shrine in grate - ful prayer, On this day was she

f

Our gen - tle Sov'-reign, vir - tuous as fair, Kneels at the vir - gin shrine in grate - ful prayer,

born : May years of bliss, May years of bliss, Each herald in a day as bright as this, Each her - ald

Tenor and Base. Unison.

On this day was she born, May years of bliss, Each herald in a day as bright as this, Each her - ald

Solo or Chorus. Ladies or Gentlemen.

FINE.

p

in a day as bright as this;

A solemn mocker-y,

for-sooth is pray'r,

For one as wayward as the shifting

in a day as bright as this;

Accomp.

pp

air.

The rab-ble's plau-dits,

in a day like this,

Will scarce pass sooner than her fleeting bliss.

D.C. al Segno.

S

Words by J. B. HOAG, M. D.

SOLO.

f Awake, sweet music, Awake, sweet music, Awake, sweet music, A -

BASE CHORUS.

A - wake, sweet mu - sic, A - wake, sweet mu - sic, Awake, sweet mu - sic, Awake, sweet mu - sic, A -

f Awake sweet mu - sic's gentle strain,..... Its soothing num - bers let me hear,..... Strike! strike the

wake, a - wake,..... Awake sweet music's gentle strain, Its soothing numbers let me hear,

ff *mp* *ff* *mp*

f rap - - turous chords a - gain,..... The notes fall sweet - - ly on my ear,..... Awake the lyre..... to notes sub -

mp Strike, strike the rapturous chords a - gain, The notes fall sweet - ly on my ear, Awake the lyre

f 3 3 8va tr

p lime,..... And thus be-guile..... the wea - ry hours;..... As erst its pen - sive, pen - sive numbers rang,

p to notes snblime, And thus beguile the weary hours, As erst its pen - sive, pen - sive numbers rang,

8va tr m

"AWAKE SWEET MUSIC'S GENTLE STRAIN." Continued.

Back in its own, its pristine bowers, As erst its pen - sive numbers rang, Back in its own, its pristine bowers; A - wake, sweet

Back in its own, its pris - tine bowers, As erst its pen - sive numbers rang, Back in its own, its pristine bowers, A - wake, sweet

8va *loco.* *cres.* *f* *ff* *loco.* *3* *3*

mu - sic's gentle strain, sweet music's gen - tle strain,..... A - wake, sweet mu - sic's gen - tle strain.....

music's gen - tle strain, sweet music's gen - tle strain,..... A - wake, sweet mu - sic's gen - tle strain.....

8va *loco.* *pp* *dim.*

SOLO. *Vivace.*

The heaven - ly hosts with joy above, Tune their sweet notes in rap - - tare

In Octaves.

high,.... In ho - ly ec - - sta - cy they join,..... Music's the language of the sky; Then, while the joy - ful numbers

cres.

ff

Legato. Then, while the.....

Legato. Then, while the.....

8VA

cres.

ff

swell, With rapture on the heavenly plain,.... And mu - sic there shall yield us joy,.... On earth begins the pleas - ing

joyful numbers swell with rap - - ture on the heavenly plain, And mu - sic there shall yield us joy, On earth be - gins the pleas - ing

joyful numbers swell with rap - - ture on the heavenly plain, And mu - sic there shall yield us joy, On earth begins the pleas - ing

8va

ff Crescendo.

strain. And mu - sic there shall yield us joy, On earth be - gins the pleas - - ing strain.

strain. And mn - sic there shall yield us joy, On earth be - gins the pleas - - ing strain.

ff Crescendo. ff

"COME FRIENDS, AND JOIN OUR SONG."

173

Words by E. A. PERKINS.
Allegretto.

From L' ELISIRE D' AMORE.

mp 1. Come friends, and join our song with heart and voice, Long - ly the strain pro -

mp 2. Come join our jovial band so light and free, Bless - ings on eve - ry

ff long, Let all re - joice, Here happy smiles shall be,..... Bright - er than gold; Hasten and sing with me, Shout young and old,

f 2. True hearts and kindest friends,....

p 1. Here happy smiles shall be,.....

mf hand, Happy are we, True hearts and kind - est friends Meet with us here, Music sends, music sends To all good cheer, Come

ff 8va

"COME FRIENDS, AND JOIN OUR SONG," Continued.

Come, come, come, come, come join our song, Come, come, come, come, come and join our song, Come friends, and join our song with heart and voice,

friends, and join our song, our song, Come friends, and join our song, our song, Come join our jovial band so light and free,

8va

Loud - ly the strain pro - long, Let all rejoice, rejoice, re - joice, re - joice, Here happy smiles shall be Brighter than gold, Then

Bless - ings on eve - ry hand, Happy are we, rejoice, re - joice, re - joice, Here happy smiles shall be Brighter than gold.

8va

In Octaves.

Musical score for "Come Friends, and Join Our Song," Continued. The score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music is arranged in four systems. The first system includes vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The third system includes a section marked "8va" (octave) and "In Octaves." The fourth system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings (mp, mf, ff).

"COME FRIENDS, AND JOIN OUR SONG," Continued.

175

cres.

come and join our cho - rus, Join our chorus glad and free, Happy voices now are ringing forth In sweetest mel - o - dy. *mp* With heart and

mp With heart and *ff*

Come,..... Come, come, Happy voices now are ringing forth In sweetest melody, Come friends, and join our song.

Come, come, come, come, come, come, With heart and

voice, Let all..... re - joice, All re - joice, All rejoice, all re - joice. Sweet har - mo - ny, Sweet har - mo - ny, Sweet

ff *f* *ff* *pp*

Loudly the strain prolong, Let all re - joice, All re - joice, All rejoice, all re - joice, Sweet har - mo - ny, Sweet har - mo - ny, Sweet

voice, *pp*

sva *sva*

"COME FRIENDS, AND JOIN OUR SONG." Concluded.

har - mo - ny, sweet har - mo - ny. *mp* Come friends, and join our song with heart and voice, Loud - ly the strain pro -

har - mo - ny, sweet har - mo - ny. *mp* Come join our jovial band, so light and free, *mf* Bless - ings on eve - ry

long, let all re - joice, Here happy smiles shall be Brighter, brighter than gold, Hasten and sing with me, sing with me, with me, with me, Shout young and old, Shout young and old, Shout young and old.

hand, Happy are we, Here happy smiles shall be Bright - er than gold, Hasten and sing with me, with me, Shout young and old, Shout young and old, Shout young and old.

ff *Accel. cres - cen - do.* *loco.* *Accel. and cres. ff*

ON TO GLORY.

177

Written by AUSTIN GEORGE.

Arr. from "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" by F. H. PEASE.

TRIO. Soprano & Tenor.

Vivace Allegretto.

Basso.

What hear I? The roll - ing of the Drum,

pp

PIANO FORTE.

f

ff

And Fife's shrill mu - sic,

We hear!

Borne from the South.

And eve - ry breeze is

ON TO GLORY, Continued.

QUARTETT.
SOPRANO & ALTO.

freighted with the clangor, And clash of Arms resound - - ing, And trait' - rous, And trait'rous hosts sur - round-ing,

TENOR & BASS.

Chorus of Tenors and Basses, (or Duett.)

TENOR.

ALLEGRO VIVACE.

Should rouse the na - tion from de - spair.
rouse the nation from de - spair.

BASS.

Allegro Vivace.

p

ff

On to glo - ry, on and save her, From the hands which would en - slave her! Strike the shack - les and the fet - ters

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts (Soprano and Alto/Tenor/Bass), and the bottom staff is for piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

From the God - dess Lib - er - ty, Haste ye free - men to the res - cue, God of bat - tles he will bless you,

SOLO.

SOLO.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It also features three staves: two for vocal parts and one for piano accompaniment. The key signature remains one sharp (F#). The vocal melody continues with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand. The system concludes with a solo section for the vocal parts, indicated by the 'SOLO.' marking.

TUTTI.

And your name in gold - en let - ters Will go to pos - ter - i - ty, Will go to pos - ter - i - ty, pos -

CHORUS of Sopranos & Altos, or Duett.

Soprano.

ter - i - ty, Will go to pos - ter - i - ty, Will go to pos - ter - i - ty. On - ward, broth - ers!

Alto.

Sva. - loco.

On to glo - ry! On to place your names in sto - ry With the he - roes of the bat - tle

Of the Great Re - pub - lic's birth! In the strug - gle's lead - en de - luge, God shall be your

ON TO GLORY, Continued.

Tutti. *ff*

strength and refuge, Tho' the can - non's roar and rat - tle Shake the dome of heav'n and earth, Shake the

dome of heav'n and earth, of heav'n and earth, Shake the dome of heav'n and earth,..... Shake the dome of heav'n and earth.

Shake the dome of heav'n and earth, and earth,.....

loco.

p *ff* Full CHORUS.
Soprano and Alto.

Ah! On to glo - ry; on, and save her From the hand which would en - slave her! Strike the

p *ff* Tenor and Bass.

COLLA PARTE.

p *ff*

SOLO.

shac - kles and the fet - ters From the God - dess Lib - er - ty. Haste, ye free - men, to the

CHORUS.

res - cue, God of bat - tles he will bless you, And your name in gold - en let - ters Will go

Haste, ye free-men, to the res-cue! God of bat-tles he will bless you, And your name in golden letters Will go to pos - ter - i - ty, And your name in

RITARD.

to pos - ter - i - ty, Will go to pos - ter - i - ty, pos - ter - i - ty, Will go to pos - ter - i - ty,..... Will go

golden letters Will go to poster-i-ty. Ah!..... yes, loco. **RITARD.**

ON TO GLORY, Concluded.

185

LENTO. A TEMPO.

mp

Cres.

ACCEL.

to poster-i - ty, to glo - ry, On..... to glo - - - ry, On..... to glo - ry, On.....

To glo - - ry, On to glo - - - ry, On to glo - ry, On,..... On,

On to... glo - ry, On to... glo - ry... On, On, On.....

On, On, On, On, On, On, On, On, On, On.

8va

loco.

ff

THE RAT-A-PLAN CHORUS.*

FROM LA FORÇA DEL DESTINO, by VALLI. Art. by E. BRUCH.

MA. VIVO.

no ALL. VIVO.

Rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat-a - plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, rat-a-plan, plan, For

glo - - - ry, ev'-ry sol - dier with ar - dor in - spires, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, On to

plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rataplan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan,

● NOTE. Rat-a-plan is the French way of imitating the drum beat. Pim, pum, pum, represent pistol and musket shots.

THE RAT-A-PLAN CHORUS, Continued.

187

1st time.

vic - - - t'ry, when his cour - age this sig - nal pre - pares. rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a -

plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan. plan, plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan,

plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a -

rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a -

THE RAT-A-PLAN CHORUS, Continued.

[illegible]

2nd Time.

plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, pim, pum, pum, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, pim, pum, pum,

plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, pim, pum, pum, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, pim, pum,

He pur - sues the fly - - ing foe, who quails be - fore his

pum, pim, pum, pum, pim, pum, pum, pim, pum, pum,

pum, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, plan,

pum, pim, pum, pim, pum, pim, pum, pim, pum,

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with rhythmic accompaniment. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef with chords. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with chords. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'He pur - sues the fly - - ing foe, who quails be - fore his'.

arm, For his glo - rious wounds, in hon - - - or, his brow soon shall with laurel be

pum, pim, pum, pum, pim, pum, pum, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, pim, pum,

plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, pim, pum, pum, rat - a - plan, plan,

pim, pum, pim, pum, pim, pum, pim, pum,

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with rhythmic accompaniment. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef with chords. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with chords. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'arm, For his glo - rious wounds, in hon - - - or, his brow soon shall with laurel be'.

THE RAT-A-PLAN CHORUS, Continued

f

crowned ; pim, pum, rat a - plan, rat-a-plan, rat - a-plan, rat-a-plan, plan,plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan,

pum, pim, pum, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan,plan,plan, rat - a - plan, rat-a-plan,

f *p*

- plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan,plan,plan, rat - a - plan,plan,plan,plan,plan,plan,

rat - a-plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan,plan,plan, rat - a - plan,plan,plan,plan,plan,plan,

f *p*

THE RAT-A-PLAN CHORUS, Continued

191

Cres. *Dim.*

plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, Fame and vic - - - - - t'ry with re -

Cres. *Dim.*

plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, plan,

- ful-gence shine on our brave sons! ra-ta-plan, ra-ta-plan, plan, The glo - - - - - ry of the

Cres. *Dim.*

plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, plan,

THE RAT-A-PLAN CHORUS, Continued.

war - rior en - trances all hearts. *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, pim, pim, pum, pum, rat-a-plan, pim, pim, pum, pum, rat-a-plan, pim, pim, pum, pum, rat-a-plan, pim, pim, pum,

pum, pim, pum, pum, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, pim, pum, pum, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

pum, rat - a - plan, pim, pum, pum, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, pim, pum, pum, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

plan, rat-a-plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

plan, rat-a-plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

plan, rat-a-plan, rat - a - plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

ah,
plan, rat - a - plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat - a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

THE RAT-A-PLAN CHORUS, Concluded.

plan, rat a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, plan.

plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, plan, rat-a-plan, plan.

BEGGAR GIRL.

H. PIERCY. —
Harmonised for this Work.

GRAZIOSO.

1. O - ver the mountain, and o - ver the moor, Hungry and bare-foot I wan-der for-lorn; My father is dead, and my

2. Call me not la - zy - back, beg - gar, and bold e-nough, Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew; I've two lit - tle broth-ers at

3. Oh! think, while you rev - el so care-less and free, Se - cure from the wind, and well-cloth'd and well - fed, Should for - tune so change it, how

moth - er is poor, And she grieves for the days that will nev - er re - turn. Pi - ty, kind gen - tle - men, friends of hu - man - i - ty,

home, when they're old e - nough They will work hard for the gifts you be - stow.

hard it would be . To beg at a door for a mor - sel of bread.

This musical system consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

Cold blows the wind, and the night's com - ing on ; Give me some food for my moth - er, for char - i - ty, Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

Cold blows the wind, and the night's com - ing on ; Give me some food for my moth - er, for char - i - ty, Give me some food, and then I will be gone.

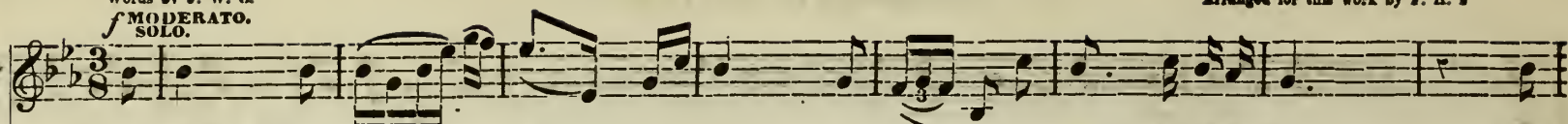
This musical system also consists of four staves, with the first two in treble clef and the last two in bass clef. It continues the melody from the first system. Dynamic markings 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) are present above the final measures of the first and third staves. The lyrics are repeated on the second system.

HOME OF MY HEART.

Words by J. W. G.

R. F. HARVEY.

Arranged for this work by F. H. F.

MODERATO.
SOLO.

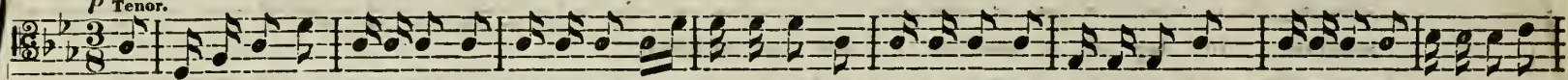
1. I breathe once more... my na - - tive air, And hail.... each hap - py, happy scene That
 2. I've found the hours... so fond - - ly sought, And weep, — but these are joyous tears; The

Soprano & Alto.



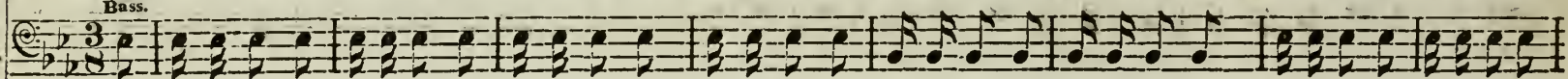
1. I breathe once more my native air, I breathe once more my na-tive air, And hail each hap - py, hail each hap - py scene That ri-ses round me ev'-ry-

p Tenor.

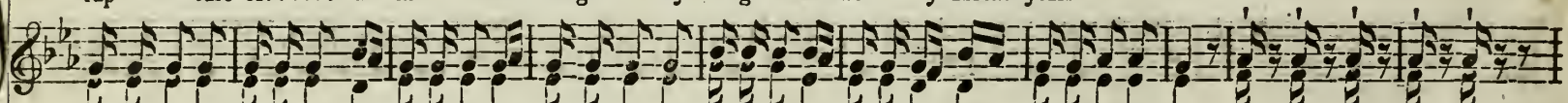


2. I've found the hour so fondly sought, I've found the hour so fondly sought, And weep, but these are joy-ous, joy-ous tears, The rapture of a moment

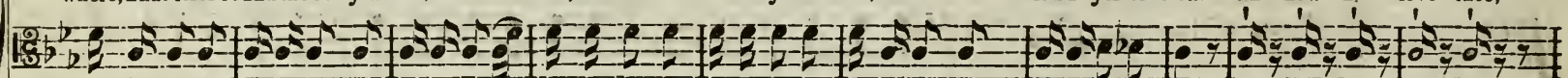
Bass.



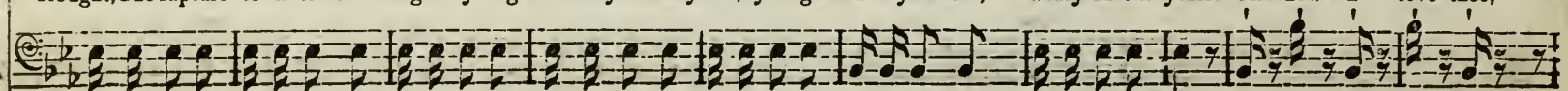
ri - - ses round.... me ev - 'ry-where, As though I left but yester e'en. Oh! how.... I love.... thee,
 rap - - ture of..... a mo - ment brought By long.. and wea - ry absent years.



where, That rises round me ev'-ry-where, As tho' I left, As tho' I left but yester e'en, As tho' I left but yester e'en. Oh! how I love thee,



brought, The rapture of a moment brought By long and weary absent years, by long and weary ab-sent, weary absent years. Oh! how I love thee,



First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It contains the lyrics: "E - - rin dear, When roam - ing on a foreign strand; In fan - - cy still.... my steps.. were here,". The second staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The third staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with an alto clef and a key signature of two flats. The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

E - - rin dear, When roam - ing on a foreign strand; In fan - - cy still.... my steps.. were here,

E - rin dear, When roam-ing on a for - eign strand; In fan-cy still my steps were here, In fancy still my steps were here, Home

E - rin dear, When roam-ing on a for - eign strand; In fan-cy still my steps were here, In fan-cy still my steps were here, Home

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It contains the lyrics: "Home of my heart, my native land, In fan - cy still, my steps were here.... Home of my heart, my na - tive land." The second staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The third staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with an alto clef and a key signature of two flats. The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. There are markings "Rall." above the vocal line and the piano accompaniment in the second and third staves.

Home of my heart, my native land, In fan - cy still, my steps were here.... Home of my heart, my na - tive land.

of my heart, my native land, Home of my heart, my native land, In fan-cy still, my steps were here, Home of my heart, my na - tive land.

of my heart, my native land, Home of my heart, my native land, In fan-cy still, my steps were here, Home of my heart, my na - tive land.

LOVE. Quartett.

Words by G. A. GEHONTUS.

Music from HENRY RUSSELL.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. The heart's true aim is love; It com-eth from a - bove; De - scend-eth like a dove On some, But
Yes, "some,"
On some,
Yes, "some,"
n. c. But methinks that I could love One sing-ing lit - tle dove—"An an - gel from a - bove." On some, But
"Yes, "some,"

On some,
Yes, "some,"
some it nev - er hits, With - out it gives them "fits," Or shat-ters them to bits With rum. Oh! hum.
With rum.
Oh! hum.
what a wo - ful fate To have a home-ly pate, And go with - out a mate— With rum. Oh! hum.
With.... rum.
Oh!..... hum.

Crescendo. ff

2. But I was nev-er hit, Or shatter'd "na-ry a" bit, Nor nev-er had a fit—By gum, By gum;..... The

By gum, By gum;.....

2. But I was nev-er hit, Or shatter'd "na-ry a" bit, Nor nev-er had a fit— By gum, By gum;..... The

D.C.

rea-son of it is,— I've such an ug-ly "phiz," I dare not try the "biz" With some.

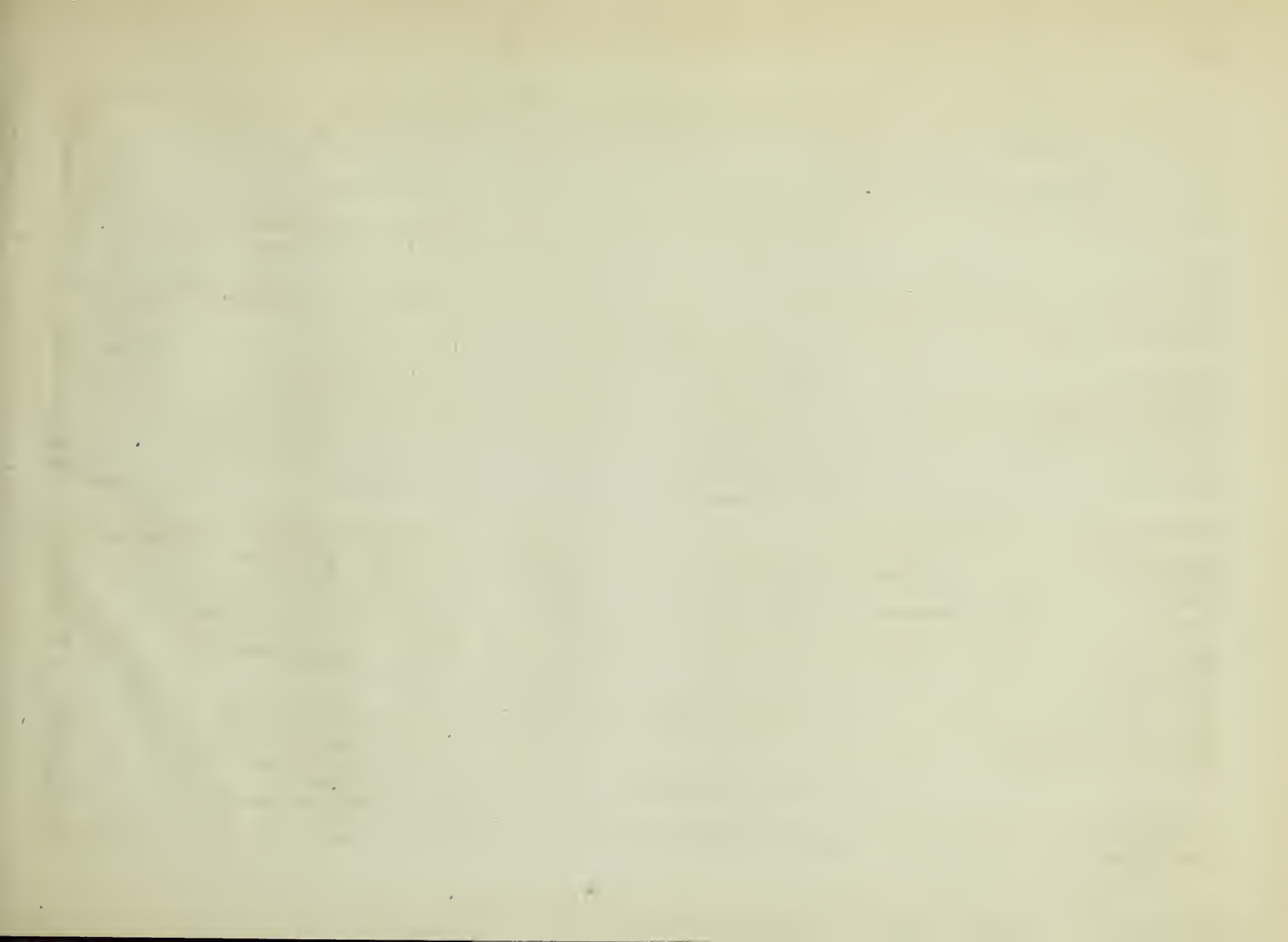
With some.

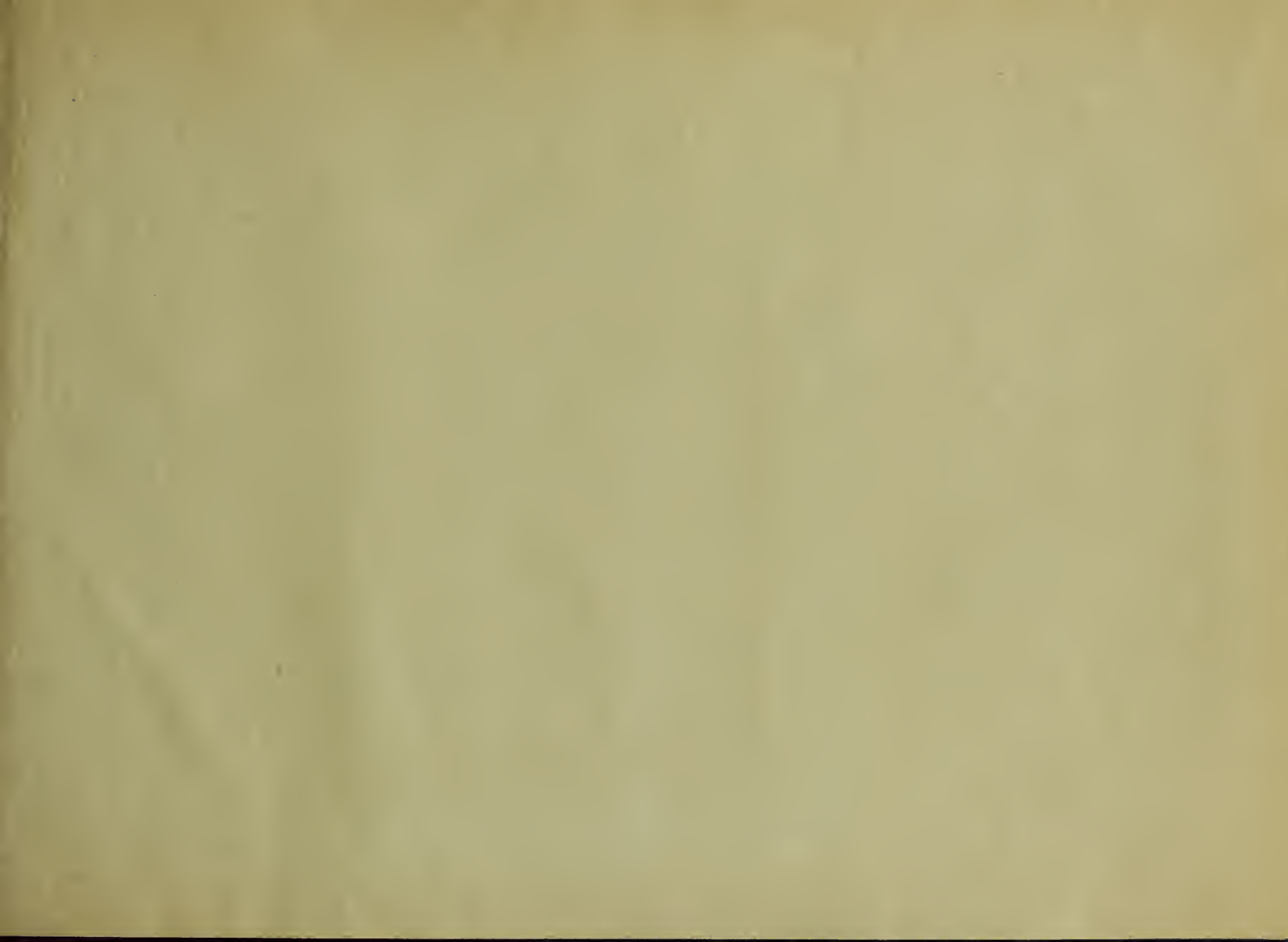
D.C.

rea-son of it is,— I've such an ug-ly "phiz," I dare not try the "biz" With some.

With some....

Afar on the Sea.....	98	Have you seen Kitty Clyde... <i>Duet & Chorus.</i>	43	On to glory... .. "Lucia."	177
Annie Laurie.....	117	Hark, the merry songsters.....	28	Opening refrain.....	82
Autumn frosts, Autumn rains.....	40	Hark, yonder swelling... " <i>Armorer of Nantes.</i> "	162	Our country's flag.....	74
Awake from slumber..... <i>Serenade.</i>	140	Home..... <i>Solo, with vocal Acc. & Chorus.</i>	10	Our gentle Sovereign.....	166
Awake, sweet Music's gentle... " <i>Les Huguenots.</i> "	168	Home of my childhood.....	8	Our home..... <i>Trio.</i>	102
Away o'er the meadows.....	22	Home of my heart.....	196	Over the river.....	124
Away we go.....	84	Home where roses grew.....	64	Peaceful are the night winds sighing.....	62
Bad cold.....	58	Honest and merry... ..	100	Pilgrim's song.... <i>Song, Trio, Solo, & Chorus.</i>	87
Beggar girl.....	194	Hunting chorus..... " <i>Lily of Killarney.</i> "	144	Rataplan..... " <i>La Forza del Destino.</i> "	186
Blithe and tripping.... " <i>Armorer of Nantes.</i> "	152	Hurrah for the West..... <i>For Male voices.</i>	41	Rivulet..... <i>Chorus with obligato Solo.</i>	37
Boat ride	122	Juanita... .. <i>For Male voices.</i>	111	Sancta Maria..... " <i>Dinorah.</i> "	142
Bury me deep in the sea..... <i>Trio.</i>	129	Kind friends we're glad to meet you... ..	157	Sleep, gentle lady..... <i>Serenade.</i>	93
Christmas glee.....	78	Kitty my love, and I.....	132	Song of the bird.....	114
College Alumni song.....	5	Landscape gardening.....	21	Song of the dew-drop.....	68
College graduating song.....	3	Laughing chorus.....	30	Sound the merry horn.....	6
Come friends and join our... " <i>L'Elisire d'Amore.</i> "	173	Let's fly to the chase.....	50	Spring comes in soft and sweet array.....	36
Coming time.....	73	Little boy that died	106	Summer comes with fairy measure.....	32
Cot on the moor.....	79	Little ring.....	137	Summer days are coming... ..	34
Cricket song.....	51	Lord, in the morning.....	24	Swinging song..... <i>Quartett & Chorus.</i>	25
Dames and Gallants.... " <i>Armorer of Nantes.</i> "	148	Love.....	198	Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord....	128
Eighty years ago	83	Memories of home.....	71	Thoughts of long ago..... <i>For Male voices.</i>	121
Eva Lee <i>Chant.</i>	113	Minnie Myrtle.....	80	'Tis sweet to be remembered.....	44
Evening.....	120	Mocking bird.....	16	'Tis sweet to pray.....	18
Evening..... <i>Quartett for Male voices.</i>	54	Mountain maiden.....	38	Trip lightly over trouble....	89
Fancy.....	95	Mountains of life	56	Two voices..... <i>Chant.</i>	61
Farewell song.....	29	Mourners.....	45	Voices from the spirit land.....	69
Fling out the banner.....	14	Mrs. Lofty and I.....	31	Volunteer's wife.....	130
Flowers, bright flowers.....	118	Musical tea-kettle.....	77	What I live for.....	59
Forest murmurs... ..	26	My heart is with thee..... <i>Serenade.</i>	12	Where shall we make her grave.....	109
Forget me not.....	39	My Maker and my King	23	While 'tis day-time let us work.....	72
Free and laughing Gipsy girl.....	96	My mother's voice.....	103	Wide, ye heavenly gates unfold.....	46
Gentle Spring.	126	New year's song.....	67	Wilson's request.....	9
Good night song.....	20	Note the bright hours only.....	88	World would be the better for it	110
Hail, holy Flag.....	134	Old times, and old friends.....	108	Young recruit..... <i>Trio.</i>	138
		Only an angel.....	33		





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